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AUNT HANNAH'S ADVICE.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

And so you have quarrelled with David?
And, hide it as well as you can,
I know at this moment you 're thinking
That he is a horrible man!
He has no regard for your feelings,
He loosens his hold on your heart,
And each has confessed to the other,
That both were much better apart.

You think of the days of your courtship,
When David was thoughtful and kind,
In all your vexations so helpful,
To all of your follies so blind;
And now, o'er the gateway of Eden
The sword of the angel is crossed,
And you miss all the sweetness and sunshine,
The joy of a Paradise lost.

You think you have done all your duty,
Have prayed and have labored in vain,
And feel, as a husband, that David
Has really no right to complain.
But let us sit down in the twilight
And talk o'er the subject awhile:
Before you take leave of the meadow,
'Tis well that you pause on the stile.

'Tis likely that David is fretful,
And careless at times, it is true;
His business absorbs him too closely,
But is he not working for you?
So when he comes home in the evening
Quite silent, and thoughtful, and queer,
Just let your heart keep up its singing,
And pretend you don't notice, my dear.

For just as a scratch on the finger
Will heal if you let it alone,
So many a trouble or grievance
That David or you may have known,
Would soon have been gone and forgotten,
And left not a scar on the heart,
Had either been fond and forgiving,
Had you never supposed you could part.

'Tis your duty to yield, and you know it;
You will, if you 're true to your trust;
Your God and your honor demand it,
And David is gentle and just.
Don't keep any bones of contention;
Don't hold to this terrible strife;
But make him a much better husband
By being a much better wife!

KATE ARLINGTON;

OR,

The Buccaneer's Bridal.

A STORY OF SHIP AND SHORE.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

CHAPTER VII.

BATTLE.

It was about nine o'clock in the forenoon when the look-out in the fore-top gave the alarm which had aroused the crew of the *Adder;* and that they had been most thoroughly aroused was evident from the manner in which they crowded toward posts of favorable observation. Dr. Gaston did not at once leave his patient. He waited until the broth had been eaten, and after that he arranged the pillows and the clothing of the cot with his own hand.

"Doctor," asked Gunbar, when all had been fixed, "what do you think of it? Is there anything to prevent my weathering the dark locker?"

"I think you will get well," replied Gaston, with cheerful assurance. "Thank fortune, I found you in time. At all events, you are better off than you were before."

"Only God knows how much better off!" exclaimed the relieved man, with a burst of grateful emotion. "You don't know the pain I 've suffered,—but it 's all gone now."

"*All* gone?" asked Gaston, quickly.

"All that dreadful stabbing is gone. There are twinges in my back,—I can feel 'em now,—but they are nothin' to what that other pain was."

"All right, my man. Keep up a good heart, and I feel sure you 'll pull through."

"And it 's you that 's done it, Doctor."

"As for that matter," returned Tom, with a smile, "I don't think you could have lived long if I hadn't found you. The ulceration was creeping in toward the vitals pretty fast. But we 've stopped that."

"I want to live, Doctor."

"And I hope it may be for a good life," ventured Gaston, kindly.

"A better life than the old one, sir. I won't back down on my mates too soon. They've stood by me, and I'll stand by them till I can get out of it honorably. But I don't mean to stay here longer than I can help."

"That 's right, Luke. If you come well out of this, there may be much opportunity for good in store for you."

"It 's kind o' curious, Doctor, how a man thinks of all that he ever knew of good when he 's layin' on the edge of the dark pit as I 've been layin'. Men that never lived the wicked, stormy life don't know anything about the feelin's that sometimes gets the upper hands of such. You don't know how I 've laid here and tried to think of all the good I ever did, and of all the love that was ever mine. I 've thought of my mother—and of my sister,—and I 've called back every smile I could remember; and I 've raked up all the sweet words 'at my memory held; and I've thought of a good many times when I'd made 'em happy. To be sure, it was long ago; and many were the dark hours that come in atween; but I know they forgave me. Yes,—they forgave me,—and, if they 'd 'ave lived, my life might 'ave been different. And there 's another thing, Doctor: I've wondered, as I've been layin' here thinkin' of dyin', if, in the last day, God wouldn't remember the good things set down in my log; and I 've wondered, since the hope of gettin' well came back, whether I couldn't wipe out some of the black marks. Don't you think there 's mercy in Heaven?"

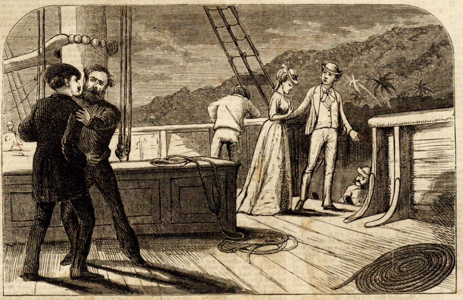
"I think," said Gaston, solemnly, "that no earthly parent can be more merciful toward a repentant child than the Lord is! Hold on to the good resolution, and I am not more afraid to answer for the life of your soul than I am for the life of your body. And now, Luke, you had better rest. I will see you this afternoon. I want you to sleep now."

"Not much sleep, Doctor, till we get clear of that sail. But I'll rest if I can."

Gaston arranged the patient's bedding as he thought would be most comfortable, and then went on deck.

Our hero was not entirely unused to scenes of excitement on shipboard; but he had never before found himself in the midst of a scene exactly like the present. He had been subjected to storm and tempest; and once, while under the French flag, in the Mediterranean, he had been chased by an English man-of-war; but for the first time in his life did he experience the sensation of knowing that he might be called upon to share in the fortunes of a freebooter—that he might witness the attack by his shipmates, or that he might share with them the dangers of a chase by a powerful enemy.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1872, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS, AT WASHINGTON.



KATE ARLINGTON AND BARKER DIXON LEAVING THE BRIG.

When he reached the deck he found the men—such as were not engaged elsewhere—crowding forward toward the larboard bow, and he was soon aware that the sail had been discovered in that direction.

"What is it?" he asked of the boatswain, who stood by the fife-rail.

Roger Wade, since he had witnessed the operation upon the gunner's-mate, had conceived a profound respect for the young surgeon, and he was ready and willing to give any information in his power. He seemed to feel a pride in being looked to by the man of science for enlightenment.

"It 's a sail, sir," he answered, "here away,"—pointing over the lee bow,—"but we can't make it out yet."

"Can it be seen from the deck?"

"Not yet. Mr. Thorp 's gone aloft with a glass."

"The sail must be some distance away then?"

"Sartin."

"How far can you generally see a sail at sea?" asked Gaston.

The boatswain looked at him curiously.

"With all my sea-going, Mr. Wade, I am ignorant on that point."

"Why, sir," said Roger, brightening with the thought of instructing the doctor, "our rule is this: A sail can be seen as far as anything except a light. Take this brig, for instance: Our main-r'yal is about a hundred feet high from the water, and that sail might be seen,—say, thirteen miles away; but if a man stood on a vessel's deck, that would make a difference. You and I stand just now six or seven feet above the water, and that gives us the advantage of three miles, or more, over what we 'd have if we stood on a raft atween wind an' water; so, if a vessel of our size was on the horizon, and we could just rise her main-r'yal, we might set her down to be sixteen or seventeen miles away. As a general thing, in clear weather, the lofty sails of a heavy ship can be seen twenty miles, and a little more; and a ship rises her hull eight to ten miles away from a low deck like ours. You can judge something from this, sir."

"Yes,—I can judge very well; and I thank you for your information."

"Ha!"

It was a call from the lieutenant, in the fore-top, which caused this exclamation from the boatswain.

"She rises square sails!" was Thorp's announcement.

"Can you make out how she is standing?" asked Dixon.

"I think she 's on the starboard tack,—that 's all."

"Keep your glass on her."

A little later Thorp reported that he could make out the three royals and fore and main topgallant-sails of a ship. "And," he added, "she 's close-hauled on the starboard tack."

From this report the situation of affairs was as follows: The wind was from the northwest, and blowing a good topgallant breeze; the *Adder* was heading due south, with the wind on the starboard quarter, and running off ten knots. The strange sail bore southeast, being very nearly in the wind's eye, and being close-hauled on the starboard tack she must have been standing to the westward, directly toward the brig's course, and her distance not far from twenty miles.

That the pirate was rapidly nearing the stranger was evident from the fact that ere long the white speck was visible to the naked eye from the brig's deck, and shortly afterward Mr. Thorp came down from aloft, having left his glass with the look-out at the foretopmast cross-trees.

"Captain," said he, meeting his chief upon the forecastle, "it 's a heavy ship. If she 's a merchantman, she 's homeward-bound, and well loaded."

"Either a Carolina craft, or beatin' up for the Chesapeake," volunteered the old gunner.

"Or," said Wade, with a significant nod, "one o' them delicate little birds out of Havana."

"We'll hold on and see," said Dixon. "And," he added, turning to the gunner, "you might as well get your dogs ready for a bark and a bite."

In half an hour the look-out at the masthead reported that he could see the ship's courses, and he thought she was a man-of-war. Upon this Capt. Dixon himself went aloft; and when he came back he looked serious.

"It 's a corvette," he said; "and I think a Spaniard."

He went aft and looked at the compass, and took a survey of the scene from that quarter. The two vessels were now not far from ten miles apart, and their relative positions very nearly the same as before.

A little later the ship's hull was plainly visible from the brig's fore-top, and her character was no longer a question. She was a corvette, of twenty-four guns, with the Spanish flag at her peak.

In answer to this signal the pirate ran up the Spanish flag. Her ports were closed, and her pivot-guns covered with tarpaulins. Dixon was resolved upon a bold push. Though the courses of the two vessels were converging, the brig had the advantage. With the wind upon her quarter she was making vastly more speed than was the ship upon a taught bowline; and Dixon believed that he could cross the line of the corvette's course with at least half a mile to spare; and once across it, he had no fear of the result. He was willing to trust his heels.

"Suppose the Spaniard should suspect our character?" queried Gaston, after Mr. Rowland had explained to him what was to be done.

"Then she 'll fire into us," was the terse rejoinder. "But," he added, seeing that the doctor still regarded him inquisitively, "she won't be likely to have a *firing* suspicion before we get under her bows, and if she opens on us then, we can return the compliment with a broadside, and rake her at that. We 'll be pretty sure to get across her forefoot before she knows us well enough to send the cold iron after us."

Gaston, standing upon the quarter-deck, watched the progress of affairs with deep interest; and he had just human nature enough—of the old Adamic stamp—in his composition to wish that the brig might escape. In the first place, he had no great love for the Spaniard,—he had never fancied the nation. In the second place, he did not wish to be captured under existing circumstances. Had the ship been a Yankee corvette, he would have willingly been taken by her, feeling assured that his position could have been satisfactorily explained; but that he could beat it into a Spanish head that he was an unwilling participant in the affairs of the pirate was not so clear. And, further, he did not care that Kate should fall into the hands of Spanish officers. He believed, as matters now promised, that he could more easily find true friends on board the pirate than with the Spaniard.

And, in sober truth, there was one thing more: Tom Gaston did not want to see his side beaten. He thought of his patient below, and he thought he would like to see him safely through his troubles.

"Ha!"

This exclamation was called from Gaston's lips, as it was called from a score of others, by the corvette's firing a gun to leeward. It was a signal for the brig to heave to; but no attention was paid to the summons.

The ship was still close-hauled, and the brig promised to pass, as Dixon had calculated, half a mile ahead of her, supposing the courses were held as they were. But the Spaniard very soon betrayed a disposition to change the order of things. She let drive a twenty-four pound shot across the brig's bows, and changed her course two or three points to the southward, thus taking the wind very near abeam. The pirate, however, had gained the pass, and might have gone off with flying colors, had not a most unwelcome messenger brought her to.

Dixon, when he saw that he was crossing the ship's course, feeling perfect confidence in his canvas, and actuated by a spirit of bravado, hauled down the Spanish ensign, and ran up in its place his true colors—the black flag, with the skull and cross-bones in its centre!

"Off with your tarpaulin, Grant, and give him a parting salute!"

Nothing loth the old gunner proceeded to obey, intending to send his compliments from the long eighteen upon the forecastle. He had thrown off the tarpaulin, and the match was in the hand of an assistant, when a curl of blue smoke arose from the corvette's deck—a belch of flame from her larboard bow—and crash came a round shot through the brig's main-topmast. The gunners of the ship might have tried that thing five hundred times, and not accomplished it again; but the chance shot had done it, and there was no help. The mast was shivered, from centre to surface, just above the cap, and as it went over the side to leeward the fore-topgallant-mast went with it. And thus, at one fell swoop, was the pirate deprived of full one half of his effective sail.

But Barker Dixon was not the man to be appalled by mishap. His coolness and determination had secured him his rank above older men in the freebooter's service. And when the men saw him cool and collected they quickly recovered from the consternation which had followed the unexpected disaster. His first movement was to cut the stays forward, to save the jib-boom. It was hard to cast away both spars and sails, but there was no help for it, and without firing a shot he proceeded to cut every rope that attached the wreck of masts and yards to his vessel. His men were quick at the work, and in an incredibly short space of time the wreck was clear, and the flying rigging secured.

And now the pirate chief towered like a lion. His men were called to quarters, and his ports thrown open, and he was prepared to fight to the death. In the midst of his preparation he called Friday to him, and sent him below.

The shot from the Spaniard was flying thick and fast, when Dr. Gaston went to the chieftain and asked how it was to be with Miss Arlington.

"Borrow no trouble about her, doctor," returned Dixon. "I have sent her below the water line. Friday will remain with her. We shall need your services in the cockpit.—Ha!—there 's a job for you now! Will you look out for the wounded?"

"Yes."

"Then bear a hand. There goes a poor fellow with an arm shattered."

Dixon alluded to a man whose right arm had been struck near the shoulder by a splinter, and who was being led below by a comrade. Gaston's quick sympathies led him to the work of humanity, and with his instrument cases under his arm he went down to the cockpit, where the man with the shattered arm was borne before him.

Meantime the crew of the pirate were prepared to do or die. Capture by the Spaniard was death, surely; for there was not a port in Spanish America to which the *Black Adder* had not sent a thrill of horror; and they could but die in fighting. The vessels were now not more than quarter of a mile apart, and they might have been nearer had not the corvette luffed for the purpose of bringing her broadside to bear upon the pirate; but as they now stood the distance was increasing, the brig having fairly crossed the ship's course, and kept away slightly to avoid raking. Presently, however, the corvette put up her helm and wore about until she took the wind upon her starboard quarter. Thus she stood upon the same course with the pirate, distant about the same as before upon the latter's larboard quarter. Her courses were clewed up, and her batteries were served vigorously. They were served vigorously, but not skillfully. The shot which had cut the *Adder's* topmast had been a mere chance, as her firing now showed that her gunners knew little or nothing of scientific gunnery.

Dixon, when he found how wildly the Spaniard was firing, clewed up his foresail, and also gathered up the lee clew of his mainsail out of the way of his quarter-deck gun. It was a desperate game, for it left the enemy to bear up rapidly, but he shut his teeth, and took the risk.

"Now, my men!" he cried, leaping down from the lee gangway, where he had been watching operations, "serve your guns, and let every shot tell. Gurney, let us see what you are made of."

"Aye, aye, sir!" responded the old gunner. "Watch this, and hold yer broadside till I 've fired!"

His long gun was loaded with a chain-shot, and at the moment when his practiced eye caught the perfect range, he applied the match. The favorite piece gave its roar of defiance, and its sweeping projectile, sent with unerring aim, tore its way through the corvette's cordage, severing the jib and foretopmast stays, and tearing through the lee leech of the topsail. As a result the ship, losing her jib and part of her fore-topsail, broached to, thus presenting her bows to the pirate's broadside.

Dixon saw his opportunity, and poured in a raking fire, nearly all his shot, served by expert gunners, striking the ship's bulwarks on a line with her ports, and crashing through her head to go the length of her deck.

Meantime Grant Gurney, with the long eighteen, and Roger Wade at the long gun upon the quarter-deck, worked coolly and to some purpose. They were most emphatically sharp-shooters, and at this close range they held the rigging of the ship at their mercy. With chain and double-headed shot they poured in a tide of destruction upon the Spaniard's top-hamper until his spanker was the only sail he had left intact.

On his side Dixon had lost but few of his men, and since cutting away the wreck made by the enemy's first effective shot, he had suffered no injury to his rigging save such as he had been able instantly to repair. He now took position directly under the corvette's bows, and poured broadside after broadside the length of her devoted deck, while she, unable to gather steerage way, could only answer from one poor bow gun, the other having been utterly disabled.

The eyes of the buccaneer chief gleamed with fierce satisfaction as he sprang forward, and with his own hands helped to serve the long brass gun upon the forecastle.

"Don't cut her ensign halliards, if you can help it!—I want to see the Spaniard pull the proud flag down of his own accord!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SURGEON'S ASSISTANT.

At the beginning of the battle old Friday had been sent down by the chieftain to look after Kate, and to conduct her to a place of greater safety than the cabin could be considered. He found the fair captive standing by the table, listening eagerly to what was going on above, and when he proposed to lead her down into the run she objected.

"But ye 'll be safer dar," said Friday. "No cannon-balls can't come dat way."

"I shall stifle down there," returned Kate. "It is close enough here. I would rather remain where I can hear what is going on."

"But, d'ye know dat dis may be a starn chase?" argued the negro. "De balls 'll be likely to hit here fust."

Hardly had the words escaped his lips when a twenty-four pound shot came crashing through one of the dead-lights above the transom, passing within a foot of Kate's head, and scattering the splinters in every direction.

Of the two, Kate recovered most quickly from the shock, and when she found that neither she nor her companion had been hurt, she signified to him that she would go with him where the shot of the Spaniard could not find quite so free access. Friday was not slow in his movements after this. The lantern which had been lighted for the transit had been overturned and extinguished by a flying splinter, but it had not been broken. Placing some tinder in the pan of a pistol he ignited it, and with the help of a match, he relighted the lamp of the lantern, and then led the way to the cabin store-room, where he raised a trap in the floor, and helped Kate to descend.

It was a small square cuddy, with several iron-bound oaken boxes deposited there, and Kate observed that a door, heavily barred upon the inside, was let into the forward partition.

"Dar, missus," said Friday, with a grunt of satisfaction, "we 'll be safe here. We 's below de water, an' de balls can't get to us no how. You jus' sot right down on one ob dem boxes, and take it easy. 'Tan't no use to fret any more."

"What place is this?" Kate asked, observing that stout iron bars ran along the walls, and that the door before mentioned was of double plank, and bolted.

Friday explained to her that it was the treasure-room; and he furthermore informed her that the box upon which she sat was filled with gold and silver. The apartment directly forward was the magazine, and forward of that was the hold. The din on deck grew louder and louder, and by and by the brig's batteries opened.

"Yah!" exclaimed the old negro, with dilating pupils, "our cap'n 's showing fight. Dat means work. By golly! sumf'n 's gwine to be did.—Hark!—D 'ye hear how ole Grant 's workin' wid Long Tom? I tell ye, chile, it means mischief when Grant Gurney brings dat gun to b'ar on a ship.—Hi! Dey 's luggin' up more powder. Don't ye hear 'em in de magazine?"

Kate heard the tramp of feet, and the sound of voices, very plainly in the apartment which she had been informed was the magazine, and she knew that the men were working with a will.

"Dar 's big fightin', sure," muttered Friday, meditatively. "By de host! dis 'pears almost like skulkin'. I don't 'pear nat'ral to be hid away down here when dat ar' kind ob work 's gwine on. But I s'pose you 'd radder I wouldn't fight, eh?"

"Why so, Friday?"

"'Cause you 'd like to see de man wat 's fotched ye away from home licked, eh? Ye 'd like to see the ole brig snapped up."

The captive looked up with a frank, friendly gleam upon the fair face, and shook her head.

"No, Friday," she said, emphatically, "much as I dread and fear Barker Dixon, I should dread being captured by the Spaniard more. I do not like the Spaniards."

"By golly! Miss Kate, you 's cl'ar-headed dar', for sure. I know sumf'n ob dem Spanish rascals, an' I don't want to know any more, unless I can l'arn it by wollopin' 'em. But," he went on, after a little thought, "you can't be berry much loaded wid favor for Cap'n Dixon."

"No, Friday," she said, with another frank, outspoken look. "I both fear and dislike him; but something tells me that I have friends on board the brig. I have a firm faith that in the hour of need I shall not be without support. All the men of this crew are not heartless. There are men here whom I would not fear to trust."

The old negro nodded extravagantly, and the gleam upon his ebon face plainly showed that he felt more than he dared to speak. Finally he gazed around upon the walls of the narrow cuddy, and into the dark corners, as though fearful that an ear might be lurking near to catch his words, and then, in a whisper, he said,—

"Don't you be frightened, Miss Kate. Sure 's you's born, dar an't many ob our men 'tickerly pleased wid de cap'n 's bringin' you off. Dey don't like it. Dey don't t'ink it 's good work for de *Adder*. Jes' you hold up yer head, an' keep on de right side ob de men.—Sh!"

At this juncture a thumping was heard upon the iron-bound door of the cuddy, and presently a voice called Friday's name.

"What is it?" demanded the negro.

"Open the door!"

"What for?"

"I 've got an order from the capt'n. Open—quick!"

Friday recognized the voice of one of the gunner's mates, and without further question he undid the fastenings of the door, and drew it open.

"Friday," said the voice, from the gloom beyond, "you must come and lend a hand in the magazine. There 's hot work on deck, and there 's to be more of it. Come."

"But de cap'n said—"

"The cap'n says you will help in the magazine," interrupted the voice. "The lady will be safe where she is. She will not be forgotten in case of danger. Come—bear a hand!"

"I must go, Miss Kate."

"All right, Friday. Borrow no trouble on my account."

"You won't go back into de cabin?"

"No. I 've had enough of the cabin."

"Den hole on jus' whar ye are, chile. If dar 's trouble, I'll come back."

With this the negro passed through into the narrow gangway forward, and drew the door to behind him, and Kate was left alone.

The din, the tramp, and the roar of artillery on deck grew louder, and the captive of the cuddy knew that bloody work was being done. The vessel was in a continuous quiver from the rebounding of the heavy guns, and the heavier gases of the sulphurous atmosphere found their way to the run. The place was growing unbearable. Not only was the pent-up air suffocating, but the state of suspense was not to be endured. Free air, with the sight of life, even though danger intermingled, would be preferable to this. Kate arose from her seat, and listened at the door. She did not think of returning to the cabin; but she might be of help in the magazine.

It may be deemed strange—perhaps, unaccountable—perhaps, entirely unnatural—that the captive should have preferred to assist the pirates in their trade to remaining as she was; but circumstance is a powerful motor. She could not remain in that place. She must do something. She went to the door, and tried it, and it yielded to her touch. She drew it open, and passed out from the pent-hole—passed into a low, narrow way, with an iron floor, and with a wall that felt like iron upon the right hand. Presently she felt with this right hand a break as of a door, and beyond she heard voices, one of which she recognized as Friday's; but ahead she saw the glimmer of a light, and toward this she went. At a little distance she came to a turn in the passage, and the slimy feeling of the obstruction, as her hand rested upon it, told her it was one of the pumps. Beyond this the way opened to a broad space which had been set apart from the after section of the hold, and which was lighted by several hanging lanterns, and here she found a man busily at work upon other men.

"Tom!" she cried, springing forward.

The surgeon started up from his work, and was in an instant upon his feet.

"Kate!"

"Yes—yes, Tom,—it 's I. A kind spirit must have led me hither."

"But—Kate—how—"

An impatient groan from a man from whose bosom Tom had been cutting an ugly splinter interrupted his eager inquiry, and Kate, with a presence of mind and self-control which was remarkable, laid her hand upon her lover's arm, and said,—

"Let me help you in your work, Tom, and we 'll talk as we work."

"You—Kate!—help in this?"

"Yes,—anything rather than suffocate as I have been suffocating. Come.—This poor man is suffering. You shall find that my nerves are not quite broken up."

If it was unwomanly, Tom did not at that moment so regard it. A sense of admiration possessed him, and without further opposition he allowed the brave girl to have her way. Under other circumstances his great love, and the surroundings of dire enmity which threatened to wreck the dearest hope of his life, might have led him to wild demonstration; but in the present, with the wounded pirates lying around, he was restrained, and readily displayed the valuable possession of common-sense and good judgment.

There were four of the brig's crew already operated upon, and laid upon mattresses out of the way; and they had been sorely wounded, too. Had it not so been they would not have left the deck. The fifth man was he now upon the table—a man whose breast had been torn by a huge splinter; and an end of the splinter was lodged beneath the collar-bone.

"You cannot bear this, Kate," said the surgeon, as the girl offered to help with the forceps while he used the scalpel.

"There are things worse than this, Tom. For this poor man's sake, I will help. I do not believe he will object."

"God bless you!—no," ejaculated the sufferer. "I sha'n't feel the pain half so much. Let her help you, Doctor. It 's been a long and weary time since a true woman has laid a soothing hand on my bosom!"

Tom could say no more; and he had not been more surprised by Kate's unexpected presence, than he was now surprised by the intrepidity which she manifested in the ghastly work to which she had put her hands.

"Have you had no one to help you thus far?" Kate asked, as they worked.

"Yes," replied Tom; "but my assistant has been called to help on deck. He 'll come down when there 's another subject for me."

The splinter was removed, its broken slivers carefully extracted, and the severed arteries taken up; and when the patient was informed that there was no need of his dying, his face brightened, and his gratitude was deep and real. And he spoke his gratitude again when the wound had been dressed, and a cold compress laid over it.

"Now," said Tom, eagerly, seizing the first moment after the man had been laid away upon his mattress, and speaking in low, quick tones, "we may have but a short time together. Let us understand one another, if possible, so that we can work in concert."

"Indeed, Tom, there is little to understand. We know Dixon's intent. He has been frank with me. He means to make me his wife. It will please him to have this revenge upon my father; but not for that would he have done this thing. The prize he seeks is my fortune."

"But how can he hope to gain that in this manner?"

"I think his reasoning is sound, Tom. No man ever held a fortune more independently than I shall hold the money which my uncle left me when I am one-and-twenty. Dixon knows this. He was one of the witnesses to Uncle Nathan's will. If he can force me to become his wife, he may do much more. Do you not see it?"

Tom saw it, and groaned.

"But," pursued Kate, with unfaltering firmness, "he cannot force me to that pass. He does not know with whom he has to deal. Let the worst come, and he can but take my life; and that he will not do willingly, since it would lose him the very prize he seeks. In a word, Tom, we must await the development of events, and meantime let us make as many friends as we can. I am assured that the crew of the brig do not like the idea of my having been carried off, and it was only by the promise of large sums of his own prize-money that Dixon got his officers to consent to the arrangement. I tell you once more, Tom,—don't you borrow any trouble on my account. If ever you are to help me, you must prepare the way by winning the good-will of the best-hearted men around you."

"I have won some of their hearts already, Kate."

"I knew you would. Yours is the nature to do it. But, Tom, beyond this you can do nothing in the present. If you show a hand of open opposition to Dixon you will harm us both. I tell you, Tom, when the great trial comes, I shall be equal to the occasion. Trust me,—trust me."

The young doctor gazed upon the inspired maiden with awe. She was setting him an example of patience and heroism; and her spirit gave him strength.

"Dear Kate," he cried, taking her hand, "I will trust you!"

"Thank you, Tom. And, mind,—you will show your trust by taking care of yourself. Look for me only when I call. If I need you, I will make a sign. Upon this you may rely. Will you obey?"

"Yes, Kate."

"Then we understand. If I have word to send, I know that I can trust Friday. Until I call, know that no new danger threatens."

"And is there nothing I can do—nothing that—"

Kate interrupted him by quickly catching his arm.

"Yes, Tom,—there is one thing. If I had a good pistol which I could conceal about my person I should feel a renewed sense of security. Have you one?"

Gaston placed his finger upon his lips, and glanced around.

"Here is one," he whispered, "which I took from the bosom of one of the patients; and here is a flask of powder, and a pouch of balls. Take care of them, and handle them judiciously."

Kate caught at the prize eagerly. The pistol was a double-barrelled weapon, of exquisite workmanship, mounted with silver, and the flask was also of silver. She hid the articles beneath her dress, and hardly had she done so when both were startled by a loud shouting upon deck—a loud, long, exultant cry, as of men who had won a victory; and while they stood listening old Friday burst in upon them.

"'Fore God, missus! dis 'll nebber do! Come wid me."

Kate turned to the negro without a quake.

"Don't be alarmed, Friday. I couldn't stay in that horrid place all alone. I have been helping Doctor Gaston dress wounds."

"And a great help she has been too," added Tom.

"But ye must come now," urged Friday. "My soul! de cap'n mustn't find ye here."

"I 'll go with you, Friday." And then turning to Tom, she added, in an undertone,—

"Remember!"

"I will remember, Kate."

"Then God help us!"

And with this she followed the old negro back toward the place whence she had come.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GREEN ISLAND.

It is not our purpose to follow in detail the closing scenes of the battle between the buccaneer and the sloop-of-war. The superior gunnery of the *Adder*—her shot being hurled with unerring precision—laid the corvette at her mercy by depriving her of sail. We left the pirate under the Spaniard's bows, pouring in broadside after broadside upon her devoted decks. From pivot guns, and from guns in battery, the iron storm was hurled in a merciless, raking sweep of death and devastation. Several times the ship tried to raise a temporary sail, that she might present her broadside to her enemy, and answer the fire; but the attempts were abortive, and finally it was evident that her day was over.

In the outset the pirate chief had only thought of escaping from the corvette, though he had been bold enough not to be frightened from his course; but the accidental loss of canvas had obliged him to stand at bay; and when his blood was once up he knew no such word as surrender.

"Are they goin' to let us sink 'em where they lay?" queried old Gurney, while his gun's crew were reloading.

"Perhaps they think they 've got to die any how," suggested a man at his elbow.

"They must be pooty well thinned out. Mercy! look at them bulwarks! They 're fools to hold out.—Ha!"

The exclamation was called forth by the pulling down of the Spanish flag. It had not been shot away, but was regularly dipped and lowered. And then the pirate ceased firing; and then went up from her deck that shout which startled the occupants of the cockpit.

As soon as it was an ascertained fact that the Spaniard had surrendered, and cried for quarter, Dixon lowered his boat from the stern davits—which, singularly enough, had escaped injury excepting a slight abrasion of the keel by a shot that had gone into the cabin—and pulled alongside the dismantled ship. His hail was answered by a subaltern, who informed him that the captain and two lieutenants had been killed, and that full two-thirds of the crew had been either killed or seriously wounded.

When Dixon asked why they had held out so long, he was answered that their captain had sworn that his ship and crew should go to the bottom before he would surrender to such a foe. As soon as the captain had been shot down the survivors had called for quarter, trusting that their lives might be spared.

"Is your ship in a sinking condition?" asked Dixon.

"No, sir," replied the officer. "We have received only two shots on the water-line, and they have been plugged."

Dixon further learned that the ship was His Spanish Majesty's sloop-of-war *Guardia*, of twenty-four guns, and two hundred and fifty men. Of the men not more than a hundred were able to muster, and even of them some had suffered from splinter scratches. Also, the officer confessed that the *Guardia* had been sent out from Havana on purpose to cruise for the BLACK ADDER.

After a brief consultation with Thorp, who had accompanied him, the pirate chief announced his terms:

He would lay his vessel alongside the ship, and take of the latter's stores whatever suited his fancy. He would not touch the private property of living men, and he would do no further harm if no resistance were offered.

The ranking officer of the corvette did not require a long conference with his associates to decide upon the matter. Being assured that when the pirate had made his selection of movables, they should be left to do the best they could with their hulk, they had no opposition to offer. The stores of the ship were not theirs. Their government alone was to be the loser, and they felt that they had already done enough in the way of defence.

Had the remnant of the corvette's crew attempted a hand to hand conflict they would have found the pirates far superior in both strength and effective numbers, so that it was with perfect assurance that Dixon laid his brig alongside the dismantled corvette.

And the freebooters found a valuable prize. They found a goodly sum of gold and silver; they found valuable jewels, and trinkets of precious metals; they found expensive arms, and plenty of ammunition; they found excellent provisions; and they also found spars and canvas with which to make good their own loss.

It was well toward the close of the day when, loaded with booty, the *Adder* cast off her grapplings, and dropped away from the shattered and plundered ship.

Eight days later, with such sail as the *Guardia* could spread upon the stump of her mizzen-mast, and upon jury-masts rigged forward, she entered the harbor of Havana, and her story was told to the authorities. And the story was speedily wafted to the Atlantic ports of the United States; and great was the wonder and alarm of the occasion. A newsprint of the period, lying upon our table as we write, gives the story in detail, and wonders how such a thing could have happened. It seems a marvel to the editor—a thing he would not believe except upon absolute proof—that an ordinary brig, taken at first at a disadvantage, could have in the end so completely riddled and subdued and plundered a heavy sloop-of-war. The editor evidently forgot scenes and incidents of the war with Great Britain which should, at that time, have been very fresh in his memory. He might have called to mind the exploits of Captain Moffat in the *Atlas* privateer. Or he might have refreshed his fund of wonder over the stirring story of the privateer *Dolphin*, Capt. Endicot, of Salem. In fact, your ocean cruiser, with roving commission and freebooting propensity, is a dangerous customer to any intruder. In the days of which we write they alone mounted the long pivot-guns with perfected bores and adjusted sights; and the long eighteen-pounder, with nicely packed shot, in the hands of an expert gunner, was worth a hundred of the clumsy iron abortions which sloops-of-war and the smaller frigates used to carry. So long as the rover could choose his distance he held the third and fourth rate men-of-war at his mercy.

With the spars and the canvas brought from the prize the crew of the *Adder* were not long in making good their loss of sail, and before the fall of night on the day following the battle everything was taut and trim. The brig had lost only six of her men in killed, and only eight more in the hands of the surgeon as seriously wounded. The wounded, as soon as the battle was over, had been moved to the best ventilated portion of the berth deck, where Gaston gave them every attention in his power, and he soon had the satisfaction of knowing that they were returning him love and good-will for his care over them.

A week after this the pirate fell in with an English barque bound from Havana to Bermuda, which he brought to after a short chase, and plundered of everything worth taking; and as the merchantman happened to have four boxes of gold on board the prize proved a valuable one. No lives were wantonly taken; and when the barque had been thoroughly despoiled of easily transported valuables, she was suffered to pursue her course, and to bear fresh terror to the mercantile marine of both English speaking nations.

Barker Dixon was feeling particularly satisfied with himself, and with all around him. He had promised to his officers that he would make over to them the whole of his share of the prize-money from the corvette, and one-half his share from the barque, in consideration of their service toward securing to him possession of his prospective wife. They took his gold, and promised that they would yield him the privilege of claiming and keeping the fair captive; but there was no need that they should pledge or offer their services further in that direction. Surely, he could manage the girl, since she was entirely in his power.

That was all he asked. He did not wish his men to help him further than to recognize his right to the lovely prize, and to respect the same.

In the cabin Kate often sat with the pirate chieftain, and he treated her with the utmost respect. He offered no allusion to his plans for the future; said nothing of the marriage which he had formerly declared himself resolved upon; but conversed only upon topics of past and passing interest. He offered all conveniences and privileges in his power to grant, and allowed her to walk on deck occasionally in his company.

On her part Kate was taciturn and tractable. She showed by her manner that she rather suffered the pirate's companionship than courted it, and though she was distant and reserved, yet she was at no time ill-mannered or fractious. She offered no complaints, and found no fault. Most of the time she was cool and self-possessed; and of all those points of feminine weakness and witchery calculated to excite the ardor of a strong man she exhibited not one. As though her very life depended upon it she held in absolute reserve every bright and winning accomplishment, exhibiting to her captor only a cold and polished politeness in which a Beau Brummel could scarcely have excelled her.

Old Friday often brought dainty bits of food from the captain's table to the wounded men, and he had come to be quite communicative to the doctor. Once Gaston asked him how matters were progressing in the cabin, and the negro, making sure that no one else overheard him, told the whole story as follows:—

"Golly! mas'r, it 's a cur'us state ob 'fairs, any how. De Cap'n 's berry perlite, an' so is Miss Kate. Dar an't no hard words—not a lisp ob such. Ter take jus' a common look ye wouldn't t'ink butter 'd melt in Cap'n Dixon's mouf; nor ye wouldn't s'pect dat Miss Kate cared a fig whedder his mouf was hot or cold. But I's watched 'em sharp. I 's seed 'em when dey didn't know I was lookin'.—I can read a man's t'oughts by his face, Doctor, when he looks 'em sharp. Most folks can hold dar tongues better 'n dey can hide dar faces. Now I see de Cap'n, when he don't know anybody 's watchin' him, an' he looks at Miss Kate, and he shuts his mouf, an' winks his eye, an' nods his head, as much as to say, 'Jus' you hole on, Miss Kate,—I 'll shorten de line, an' take you in by'm by!' And den Miss Kate, when she t'inks dar an't nobody seein' her,—she shuts her pooty mouf, an' shakes dat ar curly head ob her'n, an' looks out ob her bright eyes at de Cap'n, as do' she said,—'You ha'n't got me quite so much as you t'ink for, ole chap!'

"De fac' is, Doctor, dey is bof ob 'em jus' like two wess'ls workin' for p'rsishun. De Lord only knows how it 'll come out. De lady's got de keenest eye, an' holds her own beautifully; but de Cap'n 's got de weddergage, an' carries de hebiest guns. Heb'n help her!"

"And to Heaven's help you must add your own, good Friday."

The negro plainly intimated that he would serve the lady if he could, and after this he left the sick bay.

Meantime the gunner's mate, Luke Gunbar, was improving rapidly—more rapidly, in fact, than was made known to the officers of the brig. He had his own reasons for not being returned to duty in a hurry; and Gaston had his reasons for aiding in the gentle deception. Tom had made sure that the grateful man would henceforth stand his friend under any and every circumstance, and he did not choose to give up his professional control of such a friend while there might be anything gained by retaining it.

During the fifth night after the plundering of the barque Gaston was aroused from his sleep by an unusual bustle on deck, and upon going up he found that the brig had been laid to with her main-topsail aback.

"What is it?" he asked, of Rowland, who stood near.

The lieutenant pointed over the rail to the westward,—and upon looking in that direction the doctor saw a light upon the edge of the water.

"Is it a light-house?" asked Tom.

"Yes,—the Beacon-reef."

"Are we near our port?"

"It isn't far away."

The brig continued lying to until it wanted about an hour of daylight, and then she filled away, and stood to the south-west, with the light upon her beam. By the first beams of the opening day Gaston discovered a low, broken, sea-washed shore in the distance, with here and there a sharp peak beyond standing out against the gray western sky; and as the sun arose, and cast its rays upon the strand, they were broken into myriad gleaming, flashing sparkles.

Luke Gunbar had come on deck, leaning upon the doctor for support. He had been on deck before, Gaston having declared that the fresh air, without physical effort on his part, would do him good.

"That is coral?" said the doctor, pointing to the flashing coast.

"Yes," replied Luke; "and it 's one of the handsomest coral reefs in the world. You know where we are?"

"I think, near the Bahamas."

"Right. This is almost the extreme so'theastern point of the group. Our island isn't far away."

"Is it an island occupied by the pirates?"

"Entirely. An old Spanish buccaneer, named Ribera, discovered the passage to it more than fifty years ago, and from that time the knowledge has been kept in the hands of his followers. Not even a ship's long-boat could work her way in there without a pilot."

"And can the brig go in?"

"You shall see. The wind is favorable, and there is nothing to hinder."

The wind was blowing a moderate breeze from the north-east, and as the brig was standing to the south-west, she had it very nearly astern. In half an hour the jagged line of coral rock was directly under the brig's fore-foot, and to Gaston it seemed that they must be deliberately running her upon the reef. He could see no opening of any kind—no break in the sea-dashed wall.

Two of the best men were at the helm, and Thorp stood upon the bowsprit with trumpet in hand. The courses had been hauled up, and picked men were stationed at the braces fore and aft.

"Port!" shouted Thorp.—"Brace up!"

"Port, it is!" responded the helmsman.

"Steady—so!" And then—"Belay!"

And just as Gaston thought full sure the vessel must on the next moment strike the reef, she came quickly up to the new course, and he saw a narrow passage open before them; and as the brig entered it a man might have jumped from the lower yard to the shore upon either hand.

And from that time the braces were not belayed, but were held by a single turn around the pins, the men holding on, ready to haul in, or to ease away, at an instant's notice. Jack Thorp, from his perch forward, gave his orders with promptness and precision, and the brig, like a thing of life and sense, obeyed every impulse from the guiding power without failing or faltering. It was a wild, strange pass, as though some huge leviathan, in a by-gone age, had been pent up in the midst of the coral maze, and had plowed a mad, tortuous way to the sea. For full three miles this narrow, winding channel was followed, and at that point a breastwork of rock a hundred feet high towered into the air. Through this lofty wall the brig found a gateway, and beyond she entered a smooth, glassy basin, upon the far side of which sloped down a green shore, with palms and dates and flowering shrubs upon its grassy bosom, and with the thatched roofs of comfortable looking huts peeping up from the luxuriant foliage.

In this harbor the anchors were cast, and the next movement was to send down the light yards and topgallant-masts, and house the topmasts.

"Are they fearful of a storm?" asked Gaston.

Gunbar shook his head, and smiled.

"Only such storm as might come from a chance telescope outside," he said. "Our lofty spars might be seen from the sea; but no passing ship can see us as we are."—A little pause, while Gaston nodded a signal of understanding, and he resumed,—

"I doubt if there 's anybody in the world knows of this island except our folks. It 's completely locked in by the coral beds, and effectually hidden by the high crags; and old Ribera would never have discovered it save by accident. His vessel had been sunk under him by a Spanish cruiser, and he was wandering along the coast in his boat, looking for a hiding-place, when he stumbled upon the channel that led him to this green island—the only spot of green in all this section."

At this point Gaston started with a quick cry of alarm, and grasped his companion by the arm.

He saw Kate Arlington led up from the cabin by the pirate chief, and conducted to the gangway, and he would certainly have started to the spot had not Luke restrained him.

"Don't make a bad matter worse, Doctor. The girl's eye looks bright and keen, and her lips were firm. You say she 's got a pistol?"

"Yes."

"Then leave her undisturbed. It will be better so."

It was a bitter, bitter alternative, and humiliating; but Gaston was forced to submit. He saw Kate descend to the boat; and he saw her rowed toward the green shore; and he could only clasp his hands to his aching bosom, and pray to God for His mercy!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LATTER DAY SAINTS.

The Reverend Adolphus Fitzherbert regarded Mr. Pufferton as one of the pillars of his church; and the family of Mr. Pufferton he regarded as a Christian fold of itself. The Misses Pufferton were of the elect of his followers. And Mr. Pufferton, and Mrs. Pufferton, and the Misses Pufferton regarded themselves as among the especially righteous. Their tithes of mint, anise, and cummin were paid promptly and liberally. Truly the church was blessed which counted them among its members.

It was on a Sabbath afternoon, and the Puffertons had just returned from church,—all but Laura,—she had been confined at home by a nervous headache.

"Well, papa," Laura asked,—"did you have a good meeting?"

Papa Pufferton looked up with a bright smile.

"Glorious!" said he. "I met Tom Vanderplank in the vestibule. Gold will go up tomorrow in spite of fate. It can't help it. And yesterday I bought half a million delivered."

"I trust then," ventured Mrs. Pufferton, "that you will get the new carriage of Cook. Did you notice the Vanderplank turn-out? I declare, I couldn't think of anything else all meeting-time.—And Mrs. V. shows her pride, too!"

"Lucretia," pleaded Laura, turning to her sister, "what kind of a sermon did the new minister preach? Where was the text?"

"I 'm sure, Laura, I don't remember. But, would you believe it! Mrs. Timkins wore that horrid old bird-of-paradise on a new Saint Victor hat! I couldn't keep my eyes off from it.—And Cordelia Boomer wore a new camel's hair shawl. Mercy! I don't see how her husband—only a clerk—can afford it! And—as true as you live—Saraphina Bodwell wore a pink pelisse with a pale blue scarf,—and *such* a complexion! It 's astonishing what taste some folks do exhibit!"

"Well—but—do you like this minister as well as you do Mr. Fitzherbert?"

"O,—no! Fitzherbert is *so* handsome, and *so* graceful; and—*you should see him polk*. Ah, what a splendid man he is!" S. C., JR.

* * *

HOW TO LEARN THE PIANO KEYS.

All the G and A keys
Are between the black *threes*,
And 'tween the *twos* are all the D's.
Then on the *right* side of the threes
Will be found the B's and C's;
But on the *left* side of the threes
Are all the F's and all the E's.

* * *

A CHINAMAN dying, left eleven sheep and three sons; and making a will, left one-half of his estate to his oldest boy, one-fourth to the next, and one-sixth to the third son. They wished to divide without killing a sheep, but could not see how to do it; so they sent for a wise man. Sending to his own fold for a sheep, he put it in with the eleven. Now take your half—six, said he to the eldest, and he did so; the second, take your fourth—three; the younger, take your sixth, and begone—two; and they all did so, when the wise man drove his own sheep home. Was the division according to the will?

* * *

—While some are willing to wed Virtue for her personal charms, others are engaged to take her for the sake of the expected dowry; and since her followers and admirers have so little hopes of her at present, it were a pity to reason them out of any imagined advantage in reversion.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A MODEL SHERIFF.—A gentleman who used to carry on the sheriff business, wholesale and retail, in Ontonagon county, in an early day, was frequently called upon to quiet tumultuous brawls, which he did by rushing into the crowd and knocking every man engaged in the row as flat as a flounder, and then repeating these memorable words over their prostrate bodies: "Say, boys, what 's all this fuss about? As Sheriff of Ontonagon county, I command the peace."

A LITTLE boy was playing with a couple of nickel five-cent pieces, the other evening, which a friend had given him, and putting his finger on one of them, said, "This one I am going to give to the heathen." He kept on playing, till at last one of the nickels rolled away, and he could not find it. "Which one have you lost?" asked the friend. "The one I was going to give to the heathen," replied the cherub.

A POPULAR officer in Edinburgh was celebrated for his cunning and wit. Having occasion to carry the body of a deceased relative to the family burying-place in the Highlands, he returned with the hearse filled with smuggled whisky, and on being teased about it by a friend, said, "Won, mon, there 's nae harm done. I only took awa' the body, and brought back the speerit!"

THE effect of frequent potations upon a political manager is thus described by the poet of the occasion:

He smiled a sickly smile,
And curled upon the floor,
While the subsequent proceedings
Interested him no more.

"I SAY, Bill, an't you going to send that boy o' yours to school?" "No, *sir*. He went one day and comed 'ome sayin' it was wrong to get drunk. D'you think I'll have my p'rental feelin's outraged, and all the sweet inf'ences o' 'ome affecshun broken by swells a teachin' of 'im such things. Come, an't you goin' to stand a pint?"

A STUPID fellow found a light guinea in a street of London one day, which he was obliged to sell for eighteen shillings. The next day he saw another guinea lying in the street, and was about to pick it up, but suddenly passed on, muttering, "No, no. I 'll have nothing to do with you. I lost three shillings by your brother yesterday."

As a drunken man was staggering along the Bowery the other night, he saw street cars passing him with different colored lights, and gazing at the red, yellow, blue and green lamps, he soliloquized: "I mus' get out o' this place. It 's too sickly here—so sickly that they 're running the drug stores about on wheels."

"I 'M not used to begging," said a little girl to a lady of whom she had asked alms, "'cause only two weeks ago my father was a merchant!" "Why, child, how could you be reduced to poverty so soon?" "My father took a bad two-dollar bill at his pea-nut stand, and it ruined him," sobbed the child.

"STOP drinking and saw and split your own wood," was the "remedy" which a dyspeptic received "by return of mail" from an advertising quack, to whom he had sent a dollar in advance. He got the best of the quack, however, by following his advice and getting well.

AN old Scotchman, when rallied by his friends for marrying a young wife who would be sure to outlive him, said, "Weel, then she 'll be near me to close my een." "I don't know about that," retorted the neighbor; "I 've married twa wives and they *opened my een!*"

AN exchange paper states that Ben. Franklin's writing-desk was recently sold for ten cents.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, you might have Ben.
Franklin's desk for pennies ten.

"HOW like its father it is!" exclaimed the nurse on the occasion of the christening of a babe whose father, who was over seventy, had married a young wife. "Very like," replied a satirical lady; "it hasn't a tooth in its head!"

"WHAT a wooden-headed boy you are," exclaimed an angry father at his son, who was constantly making blunders. "I suppose I am," innocently replied the boy, "'cause the teacher says as how I 'm a chip of the old block."

A POOR man offering an old saucepan for sale, his children wanted to know why he parted with it. "So as to get a little money to buy something to put in it," he replied.

WHAT animal could have dispensed with the ark? The dog, to be sure. Why? Because he could have set up a bark.

CURRENT ITEMS.

THE citizens of Chicago, alarmed at the increase of crime in their city, have recently held meetings to discuss the evil and discover its remedy. It appears that there has not been a murderer hanged in the city since 1865. Several have been sentenced, but commuted. A policeman writes to the Chicago *Tribune* on the subject, and says the chief fault lies with the courts. All sorts of criminals are arrested every day, but only the little sinners suffer. He says there are many faults in the police system, and closes his communication with the thrilling announcement, "I could give instances of the stupidity of these fellows until your eyes would bung out with astonishment."

A LITTLE boy between six and seven years of age, giving his name as Harry Thomson, was found, one morning lately, on the railroad between New York and Philadelphia. He was taken on to Philadelphia, and afterward sent to Trenton, N. J., where he was placed in the hands of the police. The little fellow could give no information of his parents, but said his father made carriages.

THE medicine chest of an abandoned Arctic whaler was broken open by some of the natives, who, thinking they had found a prize, proceeded to swallow the contents of all the bottles. The survivors describe the result as startling, for the doses were too large for the constitution of even an Esquimaux. Several of the partakers died, and others wanted to, but couldn't.

AN Irishman and a negro who were nearly suffocated in a well in Woodford county, Ky., have met with a misfortune as peculiar as it is distressing. They were both supposed to be recovering, and were going about attending to their usual business, when suddenly both became deaf and dumb. At last accounts they could neither hear nor speak.

A NEWFOUNDLAND dog belonging to the assistant light-keeper at Mount Desert, Me., saw his master's little child carried off into the waves by the undertow, the other day, and not only bravely rescued him, but tried to resuscitate him after bringing him to shore. The child was kept alive, until help arrived, by the animal's efforts.

IT would be well if smokers were to cast away the ends of their cigars a little more judiciously, and not throw them on the pavement to be swept up by the dress of the first lady who passes. A lady in Washington recently had her dress set on fire from this cause.

ONE forenoon last week, a farmer's team ran away in Rochester, N. Y., killing the farmer, and in the afternoon, a relative, while driving to the city to procure a coffin, collided with a railroad train, threw the train from the track, and was killed himself.

A BLACK bear weighing eight hundred and thirty-five pounds, and described as being "nearly as big as an ox," was killed near Helena, Ark., a short time ago. His fore paws were ten inches in length, with nails three inches long. He made a desperate fight.

A MAN who was sent to the Worcester House of Correction for thirty days, for drunkenness, was let out on Wednesday morning of last week, got drunk before sundown, and was killed by being run over by a railroad train the same evening.

As a citizen of East Pittston, Me., rendered furious by strong drink, was attempting to beat his wife, one evening last week, their son, a young man of quiet habits, defended his mother, and in the struggle the husband and father was killed.

A GIRL in Indianapolis, said to have a dowry of two hundred thousand dollars, advertises for sealed proposals of matrimony. The chances are that the successful applicant would find that he had missed the figure.

IT was proposed to publish the names of drunkards in Louisville, but a paper of that city objects to the plan, lest it should involve the republication of the entire city directory.

A BOY in Indiana has taught his dog to dig potatoes. The boy pulls the vines, and the dog follows after, unearthing the potatoes with completeness and dispatch.

A KENTUCKY pioneer has just died who saw, when twelve years old, only one log cabin on the spot where Louisville now stands.

A ZEPHYR in Kansas must be a pretty strong breeze, as it is stated that a Kansas zephyr recently blew away a Kansas heifer.

TWO young men at Laconia, N. H., drove a horse so unmercifully one day last week that it dropped dead in the street.

A WELL-DRESSED young woman, revoltingly drunk, was seen reeling in the streets of Bangor, Me., a few days ago.

THE GOLD ROOM.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

There's a room with more grandeur and beauty than yet
Ever was or can be in the bullioned one met,
Where some millions on millions would willingly stand
By the hour and clench the gold in a sure hand.

'Tis a room that the dweller must breathe if he'd know
Fullest force for Humanity destined below,
A force thrilling ever with throbs of delight,
As it robes him with splendor and crowns him with might.

For the air of the place keeps the muscle in play,
Sends the blood through the frame in a glad dance away,
Holds the brain and the heart and the lung in one twine,
And the owner feels, leaps to a mission divine.

What banners of triumph that room has unfurled!
How they prove that Man may be the king of the world,
Clasping virtue and marching with clear, steady mind
To the Peaks where Religion forever is shrined!

Nor is wealth that is shown by material gold
From the ones in that glorious dwelling-place rolled:
It is part of the victories, proofs that all Earth
Was Humanity's own at the Paradise birth.

Then a care that is needed and sacred be ours,
To breathe where there never are poisonous hours,
And so, owning grandeur and beauty and wealth,
Be the Kings and the Queens of the *Gold Room of Health.*

* * *

A BONE of CONTENTION;

—OR—

The Waldemar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE HAMPTON MYSTERY," "THE BAILIFF'S SCHEME," "THE LADY OF KILDARE," "THE OLD LIFE'S SHADOWS," "A DARING GAME," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MOER'S VISIT TO HONOR.

The three weeks which had passed since the abrupt and complete disappearance of young Honor Glint from the knowledge of all save her relentless enemies, had dragged away very slowly to the imprisoned girl.

Darrel Moer arrived at the Cypresses about noon of the day succeeeding the night in which he had left Park Lane, made his way around to the rear of the house under the gloomy cypresses, and knocked loudly at the door of the rear hall.

The knock echoed through the lonely, half-empty house, but no one answered it. Moer repeated it vigorously.

A scuffling sound was heard in the kitchen, as of some one crossing the brick floor with slip-shod feet, then a door opened and the scuffling steps crossed the hall, there was a rattling of bolts and chains, the door opened cautiously, and Miss Bing peered out.

The woman had changed considerably in the three weeks of her occupancy of the Cypresses. She was sharper featured than before, haggard and nervous, startled at a sound. The wild eyes with which she now looked out upon her visitor showed mental disturbance.

Her countenance changed as she regarded him. She seemed inclined to shut the door in his face, but paused, demanding sharply:

"What do you want here?"

"Something to eat, ma'am—"

"Well, you won't get it," declared the virago roughly. "I don't keep a union for tramps. Clear out. Be off with you."

She essayed to close the door, but Darrel Moer quietly set his foot across the threshold in a manner to prevent the accomplishment of her design.

"Is this place called the Cypresses?" he inquired.

"Yes, it is," said the spinster vixenishly. "And I have taken it of its owner for a year, so that I am mistress here. Get out, or I'll call my dog!"

"Read that first," said the pretended tramp, giving her a letter.

Miss Bing tore open the missive. It was from her brother, Moer's valet, and enjoined her to receive his master the bearer with all respect and attention.

Miss Bing crumpled the letter in her hand and bent a keen, sharp gaze upon the visitor. She had seen Darrel Moer once, and, although she was on her guard against all possible tricks and strategy on the part of Honor's friends, and was consequently full of suspicion, Moer had little difficulty in persuading her of his identity.

She invited him into the house. He entered the brick-paved hall, and she locked and barred the door, conducting him into the kitchen.

The fire was burning on the great hearth, and dinner was in process of cooking. Moer removed his hat and long greatcoat, displaying a shabby suit of worn fustian, and sat down upon a settle at the corner of the fireplace.

"Are you all alone here?" he asked, with a peering glance into the corners of the low, ancient room.

"All alone, except for the young lady and the ghost," replied Miss Bing, in an aggrieved voice.

"The young lady is safe and well?"

"Both on 'em, sir. As safe as locks and bolts can keep her, and as well as she can be, staying in her room all the time."

"I am glad to hear it. I shall not forget to reward your fidelity as it deserves," said Moer. "And now what's this nonsense about a ghost?"

"It's no nonsense at all," declared the spinster, flushing. "There's a real ghost as infests this house, whatever Watson may say to the contrary. It's no animal—it's a ghost—and it's wearing my life out. I agreed to stay here and take care of the young lady, but I didn't agree to fight the inmates of the infernal regions, nor yet the angels. Whichever kind this ghost belongs to, I don't know."

"My good woman," exclaimed Moer, "it is rats, or a prowling cat, or some dog, it may be—"

"It may be, but it an't," said Miss Bing firmly. "Them animals don't laugh through one's key-holes."

"Perhaps you are a somnambulist, and get up in your sleep and eat your supper," suggested Moer, by no means impressed with the woman's fears, and even thinking her story gotten up to exact a heavier reward from him. "As long as no tramp gets in, and that you have made sure of, I have no alarm. But I shall consider your terrors when I pay you for your services. You shall have double the reward I promised you through Bing."

Miss Bing expressed her gratitude. Even her fears of the supernatural could not blind her eyes to "the main chance," and her gratification confirmed Moer's belief that her terrors were all assumed.

"I should like to make a little change in my toilet before presenting myself to my wife," said Moer, glancing down at his person. "Have you a room to place at my disposal?"

"Certainly," said the spinster. "I have prepared a room for you, sir. I will show you to it."

She conducted him up stairs to a low rear chamber, into which she had gathered the best furniture of the various bedrooms. There were mirror, toilet appurtenances, water, and fresh towels. Miss Bing left him to himself, returning to her kitchen, and Moer proceeded with his toilet.

Under his shabby fustian disguise he wore his own proper garments, and flinging off the coarse outer apparel, he appeared arrayed as a gentleman. He removed the patch from his eye, the wig from his head, the beard from his face, and was himself again.

He descended to the kitchen. Miss Bing had served Honor's dinner, and had prepared his own, which was in waiting for him upon a small table. It consisted of fowl, toasted muffins, buttered toast, potatoes and coffee. Miss Bing expressed her views of the change wrought in his appearance, and waited upon him, apologizing for the simple fare.

"If I'd known you would be here to-day, sir," she exclaimed, "I'd have had a regular dinner for you. The farmer over at the other end of the farm supplies me with fowls and vegetables, and he markets for me over at the town. He drove to town yesterday, and brought me a supply of stores."

"Does he ever enter this house?" asked Moer.

"Not when he can help it, sir. He's not been in the house since I came here. I asked him last night about the ghost, and he owned up to me as there is a ghost here of a man as was murdered by his brother, and can't rest in his grave. His wife is poorly, and hasn't been to see me yet. She won't come at all now, when she hears the ghost is rampaging."

"So much the better," said Moer. "This is no place for visitors. You don't want spying eyes upon you."

He finished his repast, and Miss Bing went up to Honor's room for the dinner tray, while Moer smoked a cigar by the kitchen fire.

"A magnificent heritage!" he said to himself, with a bitter sneer, looking up at the heavy, smoke-darkened beams overhead, at the small, quaint windows, and immense tiled fireplace. "Quite a descent for the lately supposed heir of the barony of Waldemar. I can't imagine a worse fate for a man than to be compelled to live in the midst of this death-breeding malaria, in this coarse, farmer's house, with its red brick floors. No, I'd sell my soul to Satan before I'd submit to such a fate. If I had been Baron Waldemar, I might have been able to introduce Honor to society as my wife. I could then have afforded to marry a penniless girl 'all for love.' But now I must throw all considerations save those of money to the winds. Money and position which I have lost, I must regain by this marriage with Miss Floyd. If I cannot be Baron Waldemar in my own right, I can be master of the Waldemar property through my wife Hilda. Seeing that I stood on the brink of ruin, I believe I am doing the best I can to retrieve myself."

Miss Bing returned to the kitchen with the tray.

"Does my wife know that I am here?" asked Moer.

"No, sir, I did not tell her."

"Give me the key to her room. Stay! You may precede me and unlock her door, and tell her that a visitor has arrived to see her. I will then go in to her room alone."

He arose, flung his cigar into the fire, and followed the spinster up the staircase to the upper hall. The woman unlocked Honor's door and made the desired announcement, returning into the hall. Darrel Moer walked into Honor's room, and closed the door behind him.

The young girl had arisen from her chair by the fire at the abrupt announcement of her jailer. She now slowly retreated, with dilating eyes, placing the chair between her and her enemy.

She had expected this visit for many days, but it was none the less a disagreeable surprise now that it had come.

"Darrel Moer!" she slowly ejaculated.

"Yes, Darrel Moer, your husband!" replied the villain, with a mocking smile.

"Not my husband!" said the girl, flushing—"save in the emptiness of a name. I am no more to you than I was before our marriage, Mr. Moer. You need not call me wife!"

"Your imprisonment does not seem to have quelled or broken your spirit," said Moer. "Nor has it changed your looks. By Jove! You are the most beautiful creature I ever saw!" he added admiringly.

The words were spoken almost involuntarily. The girl's splendid loveliness was indeed undimmed. She was paler than when he had last seen her, and thinner, and her vivid dusky eyes had lost something of their tenderness and brooding sweetness, and were stern and haughty; but the perfect outline of her pure proud face was unchanged. She dawned upon him like some vision of rare and glorious beauty, all the more glorious because of her contrast to Hilda Floyd. Honor's face was all spirit; her sensitive mouth expressed her scorn of him; her lithe and graceful figure was drawn up in an attitude of command. The inane prettiness of Miss Floyd became hateful to Moer, in contrast with this superb and spirited loveliness.

Something in the stern flash of her black eyes reminded him of Lord Waldemar; something in the curve of the little haughty chin reminded him of Wallace Floyd. He smiled at what he deemed his folly, and other thoughts crowded upon him, and he did not again at that time think of the singular resemblance Honor bore to the Floyds.

"What have you to say to me?" inquired Honor calmly, unheeding his tribute of admiration.

"Perhaps not much in particular," said Moer, smiling, "but I wished to see you, and behold here I am. I make it a point to gratify all my impulses. Besides, I really have something to say to you."

"Be good enough to say it then."

"Sit down, Honor—"

"Thank you, no," replied the girl haughtily. "I prefer to stand while you remain. Go on with your statement."

"You are putting it in a business way. Very well. Business first; pleasure afterward. Would you not like news of your lover?" and his face darkened with an actual jealousy. "Sir Hugh Tregaron has had police officers searching for you these three weeks, but has given over his search at last. The police think you have been murdered, and one detective has hazarded the opinion that you have eloped with some secret lover. No one is looking for you now. The police have classed the Glint mystery along with a dozen others incapable of being solved. In short, you are the same as dead and buried."

Possibly the proud sweet face grew a shade paler: there was no other change in it.

"Well, what of this?" Honor asked. "I supposed this to be the case."

"Tregaron is back in town at his aunt's, and if you are not heard from, Lady Thaxter will find him a new bride in the course of a year. Her ladyship does not approve his wasting his best affections and his youth upon another man's wife!"

"She is right," was Honor's unexpected answer. "What then?"

"We'll see if you take all I have to say as coolly," exclaimed Moer, somewhat discomfited. "I suppose you are aware that you are my wife, tied to me by bonds you cannot break, but that you can never prove your marriage to me."

"I do know," answered Honor, with proud calmness, "that you have caused to be stolen from me the certificate of our marriage. But the loss is of no consequence. The marriage is registered in the official book of the chapel in which the ceremony transpired, and is also registered at Somerset House in London."

Moer's face lighted up with an evil glow.

"You are mistaken," he said. "The register of the marriage is not to be found in the chapel books at Bolton. If it was ever made, it must have been abstracted directly after the marriage. There is no registry of the marriage at Somerset House. There is not a proof, nor a vestige of proof, that such a marriage ever transpired."

Honor seemed appalled for an instant, as a comprehension of Moer's villainy burst upon her.

"You stole the leaf from the register with the entry of the marriage, I see," she observed.

"Do not say what you can't prove, my dear girl. I did not steal the leaf, yet it is gone—cut out so cleverly that its loss will never be noticed. Its absence and the loss of your cherished certificate place you in a very peculiar position. You are a wife, and not a wife. With your tender conscience, you will hold yourself bound to me, but you can establish no claim upon me, and can prove to no one that I have ever been for one moment your husband."

"I can write to the clergyman in Africa. I can procure the testimony of my maid, of the clerk, the pew opener, and your man Bing."

"What would all that amount to? The clergyman has taken no note-books with him by which he could venture to make out a new certificate. Missionaries going to Africa don't burden themselves with such things. As he was on the eve of leaving England, you may be sure he made no entry of the marriage except in the chapel register, and in the form of a certificate which is burned to ashes. He has forgotten your name and mine. So his testimony cannot avail. As to the superannuated clerk, he was deaf and purblind, and only retains his position because of his long service. I met him in the street once since then, and he did not know me. I asked him the address of Miss Honor Glint, to try his memory, and he said he had never heard the name. As to the old pew opener," and Moer's face continued to brighten, "I made her a present of twenty pounds upon the same day that I saw the clerk. She told me she was anxious to go out to her son in Canada, and only lacked the money for her passage. She sailed from England two weeks ago. As to your maid, her testimony is interested, and finding nothing to corroborate it, will be condemned as false by any jury. A smart lawyer could make her eat her own words in ten minutes. And finally, as to my man Bing, he is willing to swear that I was never married at all. So what becomes of your claims? To make any claims will be to set yourself down as an adventuress."

Honor comprehended that her case was indeed hopeless.

"I have no claims to make upon you, Mr. Moer," she said. "Give me my freedom, and I will promise never to reveal the fact that I am your wife."

"You must do more than this," said Moer. "You must tell Sir Hugh Tregaron and Lady Thaxter that you have been laboring under a hallucination, or that you have been playing off a joke upon them—that you were never married to me; that you yourself wrote the certificate of marriage which you must have exhibited to them; and that you retract any and all charges that you have made against me. If you will give me your solemn oath to tell them this story, and swear to the truth of the story if need be, I will let you have your liberty from this moment. More—you shall be free to marry Sir Hugh Tregaron any day you please."

The girl's face flashed with a righteous anger.

"How dare you speak such words to me?" she demanded haughtily. "Not to save my life would I deny the truth of what I have said. What! shall I stamp myself a liar for the boon of freedom? Ah, freedom would be too dearly bought at such a price! I am your wife, Darrel Moer, though the words choke me to speak them, and that mad marriage is registered in heaven if not on earth. Shall I deny to man what God and his angels know to be true? Can you think that I would marry Sir Hugh Tregaron while these hated links exist that bind me to you? I would not so wrong him. I could not so perjure myself. If these are your terms, then I shall never expect freedom at your hands."

"It is too soon for you to set up as a beautiful saint, Honor," sneered Moer. "You are not my wife save in name. What is to prevent your marrying Tregaron? I will never molest you. Only swear that you have not told the truth, and that you forged the certificate, and your troubles will all be ended!"

The girl's eyes were full of lightning then.

"How dare you insult me in this manner?" she exclaimed. "Do you deem me capable of lying, and of swearing to a lie? Do you deem me capable of marrying Sir Hugh Tregaron, with his proud and stainless name, and his proud and stainless soul, when I have no right to marry?"

"I don't care whether you marry him or not," said Moer, forgetting his jealousy in his desire to carry his point; "but I must have your promise to take back all you have said in reference to our marriage, or you shall never have back your freedom. Listen. I regard our marriage as an idle ceremony. The evidence of it is destroyed. I am to marry on Saturday Miss Floyd, Lord Waldemar's granddaughter and heiress."

"You will not dare do this!"

"I dare do anything. You don't know me yet, as I have perhaps remarked before. I shall marry Miss Floyd secretly, for several reasons, one of which is, that were I to marry her openly, Tregaron might come to my uncle with the story that I am already married to you. Now this marriage is not to be interfered with or prevented. If you refuse to give the promise I require, you shall stay here till you do."

"God will not permit such iniquity to thrive," cried Honor. "He will not suffer you to marry that innocent young girl. Oh, for freedom, that I might go to her and tell her that you are already married!"

"You won't obtain freedom sufficient for that purpose," declared Moer. "I may possibly release you some day when I shall have nothing to apprehend from you, but I don't think it likely. While your fate remains a mystery, and nothing can be proved against me, Tregaron will be silent. When Hilda Floyd is once my wife, I can defy Tregaron, who can offer no proofs of what he may allege. Once more, I give you an opportunity to recover your freedom."

"I refuse it upon your terms."

"At least promise me, for yourself and your friends, never to reveal what has passed—"

"I will not make any promise whatever."

Moer was too incensed to say all that he had intended.

"Very well," he said. "You've chosen your own fate. If you ever relent, you can let me know through Miss Bing. Some time, when I am the husband of Miss Floyd, I may come to see you, unless the malaria of this fever-breeding fen should have overcome you and you should die. I have the pleasure, madam, of wishing you good-day."

He bowed mockingly and withdrew, Honor making no effort to detain him. He locked the door and went down stairs where Miss Bing was at work.

"I find my wife very obstinate," he remarked, "and I shall not remove her from the Cypresses. If she ever announces a desire to see me, or to give a certain promise I require, let me know immediately in a letter under cover to your brother. You will continue to guard her very closely and carefully. If she escapes, it will not only ruin me, but Bing and yourself. You would be arrested for keeping her here in false imprisonment, and Bing would be transported for life for bringing her here against her wishes. I shall not fail to reward you handsomely if you keep her carefully, not allowing her the faintest chance of escape."

"But if she is not allowed the fresh air, she may die, sir."

Moer uttered a savage oath, and breathed hardly:

"Then let her die!"

Miss Bing's brows uplifted a little. She understood more than was said. She comprehended that Moer would very gladly hear of Honor's death, but the revelation did not shock her.

"Keep her in close confinement, let the consequences be what they will," said Moer harshly. "There is no need to say more. You're a woman of sense. But I don't want her to die. Don't think that. I want her subdued and broken in. I want a certain oath from her, and after that she may go where she pleases."

He enlightened Miss Bing still further, and then went back to his room, resuming his disguise, fustian garments, patch over one eye, wig, beard, and all. He then descended with hat and greatcoat to the kitchen, and soon after left the house on his return to London.

About ten o'clock that evening, accurately disguised as Bing's friend, Darrel Moer was admitted by Bing himself into Lord Waldemar's house in Park Lane through the servants' entrance, and made his way up to his own room unseen. His absence from the house had not been suspected by its inmates, nor by Sir Hugh Tregaron, nor the detectives. All had indeed gone well with him.

CHAPTER XL.

A GLIMPSE OF A TERRIBLE PAST.

Upon the following morning Darrel Moer chose to be sufficiently recovered to appear at the breakfast table. Lord Waldemar inquired if he were quite well, Miss Floyd expressed her concern at his illness, and Mrs. Watchley inquired if he had been able to enjoy the flowers she had sent him. He replied to all these remarks and inquiries with easy grace and with thanks, and changed the subject to Lord Waldemar's speech of the night before, which was reported in full in the morning papers.

After breakfast he spent an hour in the conservatory, in paying court to his betrothed bride. Miss Floyd was exacting, and expected from him all the ardent and poetical declarations with which her former lover Antonio Frivoli had once favored her, and Moer exerted himself to meet her requirements. He quoted poetry to her; he compared her eyes to the heavens, and extolled her charms, and she listened well pleased, and was flattered into unusual condescension and good-humor.

A music-master, elderly and irascible, who had been recommended by Lady Thaxter as an instructor for the heiress, and who had been accordingly engaged by Lord Waldemar on the previous day, came at eleven o'clock, and Mrs. Watchley came for Miss Floyd.

"You are wanted in the music-room, my dear," she said. "The Signor is come."

Miss Floyd shrugged her shoulders impatiently.

"The horrid music lesson!" she murmured. "I hate music. Is the teacher young, Mrs. Watchley?"

"No; he is old, walks with a staff, and wears spectacles."

"The odious thing! And grandpapa expects me to take lessons for a whole year of such a creature! If I were not reconciled to our marriage, Darrel, I should be now. I wish it were Saturday. Any way of escape from school-girl thraldom would be pleasant to me. After this week I shall be free, and my own mistress."

"And I shall be your devoted slave," said Moer flatteringly. "It will not be hard to be the slave of a being like you, Hilda. Better to be your servant than another woman's king."

It was hard for Miss Floyd to tear herself away from a lover and speeches such as these, but the fear of Lord Waldemar was strong upon her, and Mrs. Watchley begged her to hasten. She went to the music-room with her companion.

Darrel Moer yawned and consulted his watch.

"Sir Hugh Tregaron called on me yesterday," he thought. "It would look honest and straightforward if I were to call upon him immediately upon my recovery from my illness. I can't have him come here again, meeting Lord Waldemar, perhaps, or Hilda, or Mrs. Watchley. He might easily ruin me with them. I'll hear what he has to say, since he intends I shall hear it any how; and I'll make a merit of hearing it. I am good enough actor, I fancy, to deceive even Sir Hugh Tregaron."

He waited only long enough to attire himself for the street, and then set out for the residence of Lady Thaxter. Arriving, he inquired for Sir Hugh Tregaron, and the servant ushered him into the drawing-room.

The apartment had a single tenant at the moment of his entrance, and that tenant was the Hungarian Countess, Lady Rothsmere.

Her ladyship arose, retreated abruptly, and stared at him as if he had been a Gorgon, her lovely face blanching, her sapphire eyes widening, her breath coming quickly.

It seemed as if she knew him. But the look that shot at him from her blue eyes told that she feared him, and that she regarded him with aversion.

Darrel Moer returned her stare with interest.

A quick, springing tread in the hall startled the lady. She murmured some inaudible words, and passed into the second drawing-room, closing the sliding doors. She went no further, seating herself upon a couch, her heart beating wildly, her breath gasping, her hand on her heart. From this position she could easily hear all that might be said in the adjoining room, and it is quite probable that she comprehended the advantage.

She had scarcely settled herself when Sir Hugh Tregaron entered the first drawing-room.

Darrel Moer moved forward, extending his hand. Sir Hugh, in a stern haughtiness, refused to shake hands with him.

"What does this mean?" asked Moer, in an injured voice. "I heard that you called upon me yesterday while I was ill, and I have come out this morning at serious risk to myself to see what you wanted of me. I have always been an honored guest in this house, and the last time you and I met we quarrelled, and I got the worst of it. You ordered me out of the rooms of Miss Glint, your betrothed wife, as I suppose you had a perfect right to do, therefore I bear no malice against you. Why do you treat me in this manner now?"

Sir Hugh Tregaron surveyed his visitor with lightning glance.

"Where is Honor Glint?" he demanded.

"I know no more than you do," replied Moer, with an air of perfect sincerity. "My uncle told me that she is missing. I know no more."

Sir Hugh studied the villain's face as if he meant to read his soul.

"I do not believe you," said the young Cornish Baronet abruptly. "You must know where she is. She stood in your way, and you have removed her."

Darrel Moer counterfeited amazement.

"How could your promised wife stand in my way?" he inquired. "Tregaron, your trouble has turned your head."

"You call her my 'promised wife,'" said Sir Hugh sternly. "You know she is not that. You know that there can be no talk of love and marriage between her and me. She is bound to you—poor little girl! She is your wife, God pity her! You need not feign to me. I have seen your marriage certificate."

Darrel Moer forced a laugh.

"Excuse me, Tregaron, but really—really your simplicity—ha, ha! And Honor's simplicity—he, he! The truth is, the history of that 'certificate'—ho, ho!—is anything but serious. Honor made it out herself for a lark. If you ever see her, she'll tell you so. And I suppose her head was turned a little when Mrs. Glint set her adrift, and the poor girl really believed that she was married. I know she made her maid believe she was. I assure you, upon my honor, Sir Hugh, I am not now and I never was married!"

The young Baronet's face expressed a scornful incredulity.

"I tell you the truth, before Heaven!" asserted Moer solemnly. "I'll swear to what I say, if you want me to do so. I am not deceiving you. Poor Honor labored under a hallucination. I repeat, Honor never was my wife—never for one single moment!"

He spoke with a sudden truthful force that nearly staggered Sir Hugh. It seemed as if the truth had evaded his efforts at repression and leaped forth by accident.

"Do I look like a man guilty of crime?" went on the villain. "I have been wild, Tregaron, but I am not so bad as you think me. Had I been the husband of Honor Glint, would I have left her lodgings at Southport at your bidding? I called upon her because I was her suitor, not because I was her husband. That 'certificate' got up in a frolic, is likely to make me trouble. My man Bing tried to get it back for me, I do not know how. The fellow was very devoted to me, and I dare say he tried to bribe Honor's maid. I never heard the particulars. The girl Honor is as pure and innocent as a little babe. I have no claims upon her: I never had. I beg you to sift her claims. See the clergyman whom she believes in her hallucination to have married us. If such a marriage ever transpired, it must be registered at Somerset House. See if such a registry exists."

Sir Hugh was amazed at the high hand carried by Moer. The cool audacity of the villain was singularly unexpected.

"I will look," he said quietly.

"And if you fail to find the record, you will then believe that I speak the truth, and that Honor is the victim of some strange hallucination? It is not necessary to promise. You will be compelled by your own honest convictions to do me justice. I admired Miss Glint, and would have been happy could she have accepted me as her husband. I never saw a lady of such beauty, wit and intelligence. But she is poor, and I am poor," and Moer heaved a sigh. "She would be far happier with you than with me. I shall probably never marry. My day is gone by," and he sighed again. "If I can assist your search, Sir Hugh," he added, "I shall be glad to do so. I think Honor may possibly have been murdered by some drunken cabman for her jewelry."

"I do not share your belief, Mr. Moer," said the young Baronet calmly. "I believe that she lives, and that I shall find her."

"I hope so, I'm sure. It's a terrible mystery. I hope she is not dead. If you suspect me of abducting her, I beg you to search into my private affairs; set a detective to watch me. Ascertain what motive I could have had in hiding her away. If I had been married to her, you might possibly have reason to distrust me. But I was not married to her, and you can easily assure yourself that I speak the truth. There must have been a clergyman to marry us. Question him. Question the clerk, the pew opener, any one but a half-distracted maid who so devotedly loves her mistress as to share her hallucinations."

"I will do as you say, Mr. Moer," said Tregaron. "I will go to Somerset House, and to Bolton. I will examine the chapel register; I will see the clerk and the pew opener."

"And if the evidence of the books and of these people confirm my assertions, will you believe that I have never been married to Miss Glint?"

"Of course, if such a marriage has taken place, and so recently, I shall find the record of it," said Tregaron. "If there is no record, your story would seem to be confirmed."

He made the acknowledgment strong in the conviction that he should find overwhelming proofs of the marriage in question.

"All I ask is justice," said Moer, with a sorrowful face and a plaintive voice. "You see, Sir Hugh, you can take my character from me easier than you can restore it. As you have suspected me of hiding away Honor, although I can prove that I have not quitted London in nearly a month, not since I came here from Yorkshire and Lancashire, I thank you for your forbearance in withholding your suspicions from my uncle. Lord Waldemar is a just man, but he is also terrible. The advent of his granddaughter places me in a precarious and unpleasant position. I am utterly dependent upon him. He has bidden me always consider myself his heir, but now I stand a poor chance of getting from him more than a small annuity. If he were to suspect me of promoting a wickedness such as this of which you suspect me, he would cast me off without a shilling. All that I beg of you is to suspend your judgment of me, and to forbear to speak to my uncle upon the subject until at least you have sought proofs of my marriage to Miss Glint."

Sir Hugh was silent and thoughtful for a brief space.

"The request is reasonable," he said at last. "I will not communicate my suspicions to Lord Waldemar until I have a basis of facts for them to rest upon. We—Lady Thaxter and I—have carefully concealed our suspicions from his lordship until some good is to be gained, or some positive knowledge imparted. Lord Waldemar has had many and severe trials. He has once been so wounded through his affection for his son that I, who love him as I would love a father, shrink from dealing a blow that must wound him through his affections for you. I promise to keep silence then until I have discovered something of your guilt. That you are guilty, I believe, despite your protestations, just as I believe that I shall find this very day in Somerset House the registered entry of your marriage."

"I will bear the imputation of guilt until my innocence is proven. Again I thank you for your forbearance, Sir Hugh Tregaron. I mourn with you for Honor. When you see her, believe me, she will confess to you that that 'certificate' was gotten up for a frolic, and that I am not her husband, and never have been. One word more, Sir Hugh, before I go. It is irrelevant to my visit, but I beg you to tell me who was the lady I saw seated in this room when I entered. A young and distinguished looking lady, with gray hair. I fancy I have seen her before, but the gray hair puzzles me."

Sir Hugh Tregaron started. All his suspicions that Lady Rothsmere was secretly the wife of Darrel Moer rushed back upon his mind with added force. The remembrance of her ladyship's agitation at mention of Moer's name, and a score of other incidents, presented themselves to him.

"That lady, Mr. Moer," he said, watching his visitor keenly, "is a guest of Lady Thaxter, a Hungarian Countess, the widow of the statesman Count Rothsmere, who died in Vienna a year or two ago."

Darrel Moer seemed as perplexed as before.

"I've heard of the Count of course," he said. "Everybody has. But the widow—where have I seen her?"

"It is singular," said Sir Hugh, "but I believe she has the impression of having seen you somewhere also. She seemed moved at the sound of your name. You may have met her in Germany. She said she was at Baden-Baden ten or twelve years ago, in the summer, and she seemed to indicate that you were there also at the time."

Darrel Moer fairly reeled. Every vestige of blood forsook his face.

The Hungarian Countess clasped her hands in the inner drawing-room and softly whispered:

"Thank God! He does not know me. He has not recognized me. The time has not yet come for me to reveal myself to him, if it ever will come. I am safe. He does not suspect my identity. Ah, I did not mean to meet him. It was a cruel surprise."

In the outer drawing-room Sir Hugh waited for Moer to recover himself, thinking:

"My suspicions are correct. This grand and lovely Countess has been this man's wife."

Moer struggled with his emotion. At length, unable to regain his calmness, he muttered something in a choking voice, and withdrew, hurrying into the street.

Pulling his hat down over his agitated face, he strode furiously along, muttering:

"Have I been hoodwinked, cheated, fooled? Is this Hungarian Countess a real Countess? She must be. Her presence at Lady Thaxter's vouches for that. And I remember now that Lady Thaxter visited Lady Rothsmere in Hungary last summer. She's a genuine Countess; but what and who was she before she married that doting Count? Can Carmine have escaped and have been living abroad all these years, while I have been paying her keepers in England? Impossible. And yet what meant the agitation of the Countess at sight of me? Whoever she is, she knows me through and through. I had but a moment's glimpse of her, but that glimpse is enough to tell me that that woman is dangerous to me. Can—can she be Carmine, my wife?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1872.

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ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
Corner of William and Spruce sts., New York.

What Young Men Had Better Do.

The great inquiry with young men in their teens is what they had better do—what occupation they had better select, for life.

Our advice on this subject is very often asked. Some of the inquiries addressed to us it is difficult to answer without more particular information than we are put in possession of by the inquirers; but we will throw out such suggestions as we deem of general applicability to such cases.

In the first place, it is advisable that every young man should *do something.* A man without a distinct, settled occupation labors under many disadvantages in trying to get ahead in the world.

In the second place, it may be laid down as an axiom that a man is most likely to succeed in the kind of business toward which his own natural tastes most strongly incline him.

A young man had been destined by his parents for the law; but he had no taste for the profession, and could never get interested in its study. His passion for music, on the other hand, was so intense that he could not overcome it. To the disgust of his parents, he abandoned the law; but ultimately, to their great joy, he became a very eminent musician.

SIR GEORGE COMBE, who became a man of much learning and distinction, used jocularly to speak of the faint success which, with the greatest effort, he had been able to achieve in mathematics, saying that he could hardly rely upon his accuracy in adding up a column of figures, and that it was only with the greatest difficulty, and after long and most persevering application, that he had ever been able to master the multiplication table!

Thirdly, when you have determined upon an occupation, stick to your decision until you shall have become a proficient in your business, whatever it is. Never mind discouragements. They rise up in some shape before everybody. Overcome them. Persevere, and never think of such a thing as being disheartened. It is something not to be indulged for a moment.

It is very natural, after a young man has decided what he will do, and entered upon his undertaking, as difficulties begin to manifest themselves, for him to suppose that if he had chosen a different business he would have got along much more easily. This is a great mistake. All kinds of business have their annoyances. Those peculiar to one kind are counterbalanced by others peculiar to other kinds. And the best way is, when you have fixed upon an occupation, not to turn aside to right or left until you are master of it.

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Suspicion Sometimes Too Slow.

The Virginia woman who poisoned her husband, several of her children, and a number of her neighbors, is soon to be tried on an indictment for murder. Chemical analysis has developed plenty of arsenic in the stomachs of the deceased, and it is evident enough that she killed them.

But it is announced that "there is no longer the least doubt of the woman's insanity."

We have had many accounts lately of persons being supposed to be insane, and confined in lunatic asylums, who, in fact, were as sane as anybody. We do not refer to the instances in which persons have been falsely declared insane from some interested or malicious motive, but to those in which the belief, on the part of friends, in the sane person's insanity is genuine, but where the suspicions turn out to be entirely unfounded.

It seems, however, from this Virginia case, that suspicions of insanity may sometimes be too slow as well as too fast. Of course she is presumed to have been insane during all the years when she was perpetrating this series of murders upon her own family and some of her nearest friends; but we confess that we are not entirely certain that she was any more insane than a whole neighborhood must have been, where sudden death after sudden death could occur in one family, or in families where one particular woman nursed—with every marked symptom of poison—and yet no suspicion ever be awakened of either insanity or guilt against the person who, as everybody now plainly sees, must have caused them.

◆

No Thought of Retiring.

The report is current generally, in newspaper "personals," that ROBERT BONNER will next spring retire from the active management of the *Ledger.* He has been twenty years in harness, always going at an amazing pace, and thinks it is about time to retire from the journalistic track.

The above announcement appeared in *Harpers' Weekly* of October 12, and has since been widely copied, generally with very complimentary comments to us.

We have only to say, with reference to the matter, that ROBERT BONNER has no expectation of retiring from the *Ledger* until he retires from the world; and it is owing, in a great degree, to the advantage of experience that he is enabled to constantly improve the *Ledger,* and render it more and more interesting and instructive from year to year.

"I Can Do It Any Time."

How many people deceive themselves in postponing a present duty by the reflection, "I can attend to it at any time!"

The practical result is, that such things are never attended to. Whatever work is put off with the self-complacent reflection, "I can do it any time," is almost certain never to be done.

In a correct sense it is not true that you can do it at any time; for there is no propriety in saying to yourself that you *can* do what nobody ever *does.* Therefore, whenever you feel inclined to say to yourself, "I can do it any time," just change the expression to one of precisely the opposite meaning—"I can *not* do it any time;" for this is what it amounts to, and this is the way it will turn out.

It is well to understand this matter as it is, for it saves the omission of many things that ought to be done. If you realize that, as a general rule, whatever you defer indefinitely you will never do, you are much less apt to defer things. People often soothe their consciences with the thought that they will attend to some matter before long, which it would be insupportably painful to them to believe they would never attend to.

If young people will adopt this view, and make it a principle, if a thing ought to be done to do it at once, it will save them from a great many bitter self-reproaches in after-life.

And we are quite sure that the young ladies are of our way of thinking, for many a one of them writes us a letter in substance as follows:

> "A very nice young man has been paying particular attention to me for between two and three years past. He has so far monopolized my society as to keep all the other young men in our place at a comparative distance from me, most of them supposing that we are engaged. And yet, although he has been exclusive in his attentions to me so long, he has never said a word on the subject of marriage. He is a young man of good character, and in a good business, and our family all like him. How am I to explain his conduct, and what do you suppose the reason is that he don't propose?"

The reason in such a case generally is, that the young man thinks he can propose at any time; but it now and then happens that these dilatory suitors find themselves "cut out" by some more prompt and decided rival.

◆

Eating Arsenic and the Use of Cosmetics.

A young lady asks us the following question:

> "What effect does eating arsenic, in small quantities, have on the complexion? Does it affect the health in any way, and if so, how?"

In answering this question we take the occasion to comment on the folly—we might almost say the madness—of resorting to the use of poisons, either internally or externally, for the purpose of improving the complexion.

Arsenic, in any form in which it is used—although not when in a pure metallic state and before oxidation—is a terrible poison. If taken in sufficient quantities it causes death, after excruciating suffering. In small doses it produces very unpleasant effects, and undoubtedly shortens life. The habit of eating arsenic once confirmed cannot be broken off. A person is to be looked upon as idiotic who will deliberately adopt the practice of taking such an injurious and dangerous drug, merely for the purpose of whitening the skin.

But there are other substances much more commonly used than arsenic, for their effect on the complexion, which are also highly deleterious.

Many of the cosmetics which are sold contain lead, and there are few poisons which produce results more to be dreaded than those occasioned by lead. Of all known forms of disease, some of the most frightful are caused by lead.

Even as used in hair-dyes, it occasions neuralgia, paralysis, suffering and death.

Seek good looks by seeking good health: by early rising, out-door exercise, wholesome food, a clear conscience, and the cultivation of a cheerful temper; and not by the use of arsenic or any other poison.

Death of Fanny Fern.

We have one of the saddest of duties to perform to our readers in announcing the death of FANNY FERN, (MRS. PARTON,) which occurred in this city on the evening of October 10th.

We shall speak at length of this gifted woman, whose loss all of our readers will deeply mourn, in the next number of the *Ledger.*

A Prisoner's Wife Detected in Trying to Aid His Escape.

HENRY AUSTIN is confined in jail at New Brunswick, N. J., waiting his trial on a criminal charge. Several files were recently found in his possession, and it was suspected that his wife had smuggled them in to him. The *Fredonian* says:

> "It seems that Austin's wife had visited him frequently, bringing him delicacies, etc., and managed during these visits to transfer the said tools to him. The first discovery was made after her visit on the 11th inst. This aroused suspicion, and when she came again on Tuesday, the 17th inst., the Under-Sheriff politely requested the privilege of examining what she had brought for the prisoner. She had a plate of butter, and imbedded in the butter was a small vial which contained nitric acid. She had also a wooden case, the size of which was three by four inches, and about one quarter of an inch thick.
>
> "A careful examination of the article was made, and ingeniously concealed in the same were found three small saws made of clock springs, two or three files, a piece of wire and a dirk-knife blade sharpened to a point. With the acid to corrode the iron bars of his cell, and with such tools to work with, Austin would most probably have made his escape. Upon making these discoveries the Under-Sheriff concluded to hold the wife also as a prisoner, and she was accordingly placed in a secure cell and her case was laid before the Grand Jury."

◆

Hard Work on Vegetable Food.

What would an American laborer think of going without animal food for a whole year? It is regarded as necessary here, not only every day, but for almost every meal. Yet we are told that in Italy men work hard who subsist mainly on beans, peas, and the like, and do not taste animal food. A recent writer on the condition of that country says:

> "No man is considered to be thriving who does not lay in his winter supply of hard beans, or haricots, or lentils, or some of the numerous pulses known here as *cicerchie*, or *cece*, or peas. From day to day, in rotation, they are the constant food of the laborer or the operative, *who never touches meat from one end of the year to the other*, and who will do a good day's work from sunrise to sunset."

◆

—If you wish to know yourself, look, when you travel, at the tombs which border the road. There rest the bones of all those who were proud of their birth, their wealth, their glory and their beauty. None of all these advantages saved them from death; all share the same sepulchre.

AUTUMN.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The summer is gone. The autumn is here. Not this year, as last, in the plenitude of color, but more soberly, frugally and sedate. The autumn of 1871 was eminently a color season. Only once in three or four years does Nature make a full pallet. Then the colors are pure, intense, tender and fresh. Such was last year. The scarlets were brilliant, the orange was pure, the crocuses and yellows were clear and rich. But, as autumnal days steal upon us now, we see already that we shall have picture forests of only second or third rate brilliancy. The hickories are of a rusty and spotted golden brown. The maples are fine, yet not exquisite.

The sumach is always brilliant. So are some of the vines. The pepperidge tree *(Nyssa Sylvatica)* is very fine. If any one doubts it, let him go over to Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, not far from the stone cottage, on the south side, and he shall have an opportunity to review his opinion, and to wonder why it is that one of the most magnificent color trees of the American forests is so little known or introduced into decorated grounds. It ranks among the very first in merit, and stands among the very last in use.

By the way, the parks of New York and Brooklyn should be used for something else and more than mere walking and driving. They are the best schools that America possesses for the study of trees and shrubs. There are few things which our climate will allow to grow that may not be found here, under circumstances which tend to produce their most favorable development. Gentlemen who have country places may, by some little pains, here see just what things they need, may see how to combine them for the best effects, and how to provide for them soil and site. Once possessed, the love of trees becomes a passion, and inspires more pleasure than one can imagine who has never become an enthusiast in that direction.

One may learn, particularly in Brooklyn Park, the value of the new *golden* evergreens of various sorts. They are destined to work a revolution in yards and gardens. Some of the more choice ones are marvels of brilliancy, and carry their glowing yellows right through the winter. One may learn in these parks how to decorate *rocks.* There is many a place in the country abounding in out-cropping ledges, in huge boulders, or jutting rocks, which the proprietor wishes he could dig out and cart away. But he is rich who has large rocks upon his grounds. If one will see what use can be made of them, what a frame they furnish for mosses, ferns, vines, and various elegant shrubs, he will cease foolishly spending money to get rid of that which many men would gladly spend money to obtain.

It is a fortunate thing for our country that so much attention is now paid to the planting of trees. We hope to see the day when maples and elms will no longer furnish ninety-nine in every hundred that are planted in streets or yards. What a sight would be a road on which for a mile one should ride through an avenue of *scarlet oaks,* and then for a mile through the stately avenue of tulip trees; and then through lines of *scarlet maples,* pepperidge trees, cypress, or long rows of gentlemanly walnut trees! The time will come when, on the great roads, one may travel a whole day without losing the shade of stately trees. It is not enough to plant your own grounds.

Every village should line its streets with shade trees. It is not enough to plant shade trees in streets. They ought to outrun the town, and reach from village to village, until the whole region is filled with shadowed roads. In doing this, we ought to avoid the monotony of a few varieties endlessly reproduced, and make a generous use of the noble sorts that are so abundantly scattered over our forests and fields.

◆

THE MISERIES OF SHOPPING.

How it ever entered any one's head that shopping is a joy to woman, I cannot guess. My own opinion is that it is a necessary evil, and that only the consciousness of its importance ever carries any one safely through it.

Of course, I allude to regular, premeditated shopping. To buy some attractive thing that suddenly seizes on the fancy is not shopping. To go straight to a counter and say you want so many yards of sheeting, and to pay for it without further trouble, is scarcely *shopping* either; it is only *purchasing.* Do you ask, "What is shopping then?" I will tell you.

It is shopping to have a dress that can only be trimmed with one particular shade of velvet, and to go from store to store asking for that shade, with a sample bit of it between the thumb and fore-finger, and anxiety upon one's countenance until one feels like a beggar; never on any occasion finding the shade at last; always, in the fading afternoon light, making a mistake, and bearing the scars of that shopping expedition through the life of that new dress, the long-sought-for trimming of which Madame the dress-maker accepts with a despairing, "Well, ma'am, since you *have* bought it, I presume we must put it on."

To shop is to ask of a gentleman whose demeanor and general get-up are only a little less impressive than those of a drum-major—oh, why don't they let him have a staff to flourish and twist and toss as he marches?—where the glove counter is; to be directed by a majestic wave of the hand toward that place of splendor, to find several youths in the sulks, and an old gentleman in a rage, in a sort of amphitheatre; to wait with blushing modesty until the old gentleman says, "Forward," in tones of thunder, and to ask the personage who "forwards" for gloves No. 6; to be presented with a package of pink, lemon and sky-blue, No. 7; to say, "These are not the right number," and to be answered, "No other colors in that number;" to explain at length; to fancy yourself suited at last, and on trying on your purchase, to find one deformed thumb, and one wrist never intended to button: this is shopping for kid gloves, unless you buy the cheap variety, which split across your hand as you put them on.

To go into a milliner's store, to have your choice between pink, blue and yellow; to be told that if you don't like these, you must want "dying frog," which is really home-made pickle-green color; to try on over your shopping-rumpled hair, and against your flushed skin, after hours of walking and talking, hats and bonnets you would sooner die than wear; to be told to your face, as you stand before the long mirror, in which you look unutterably hideous in your own eyes—as everybody does, I believe, in a milliner's long mirror—that the purple hat covered by a full-sized parrot with a plum in his beak, "becomes you splendid;" to feel in your despair that you must buy something, and that it doesn't matter what, and to go home with a drab montrosity which seemed to you more modest than the other articles of head-gear, and which you pick to pieces next day, and, at an "awful sacrifice," make over: this is *shopping* for a bonnet.

A woman may see a bonnet sent down to earth by the angels with a view to her head, and buy it, and wear it in triumph; but whoso *shops* for a bonnet, meets the fate above recorded.

Shopping a joy! It is a great tribulation, a trial of feet and of patience, and every woman knows it.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

◆

—In our next number, we shall publish another original poem—written expressly for the *Ledger*—by the great American poet, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

JUST ONE DEFECT.

A FABLE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Who buys a house, however fine
In architectural design,
And howsoever vast and grand
The prospect which it may command,
May very prudently explore
Concerning one condition more:
So *Sadi* sings, and tells of one,
Somewhere beneath the Persian sun,
Who thought to buy a mansion where
A foul-mouthed broker praised the air
And all things else, with eager voice:
"You could not make a better choice,"
The fellow bawled. "Now, look ye here!
I've lived next door this twenty year,
And know the house is fairly worth
Ten times the price! There's not on earth
A finer building! Just inspect
The place, and mention *one* defect!"
"Why, truly," said the man, "I see
But one." "Indeed! what may it be?"
"The house I should not reckon dear,
I think—*if yours were not so near!*"

◆

NOAH WEBSTER.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Noah Webster was one of those men who believe in themselves. He had a joyful confidence in his own opinions, as well as in his power to recommend them to general acceptance. A vigorous, high-bred personage he was; tall, erect, firm, healthy, with a light elastic tread, and the look of a man who, in the realm of the intellect, would hold his own against the universe. So, at least, Noah Webster was described to me by a gentleman who used to see him, now and then, hard at work upon his Dictionary, in his study at New Haven. He described the great lexicographer as a man who had the highest opinion of his own power and services; but, at the same time, so frank and hearty in his bearing, that no one could take offence at that which in another would have been regarded as arrogant boasting.

Even as a young man he made the same impression upon his friends and auditors. In one of the letters of Colonel Timothy Pickering, we have a description of him as he appeared when he was going the rounds of the Atlantic cities, in 1786, delivering a course of lectures upon language and grammar. Colonel Pickering, it must be owned, was a little apt to find fault, particularly with a man of Noah Webster's peculiarities. Nevertheless the passage is interesting.

> "With respect to Mr. Webster," says Pickering, "you must have noticed that, with a competent share of good sense, he possessed a *quantum sufficit* of vanity, so that he really overrated his own talents. He imagined he was a good reader, but I had so much *friendship* for him as to point out his defects; and, though it was evidently a little mortifying, he thanked me then, and has since made his acknowledgments by letter. He was particularly defective in reading *poetry,* and this, perhaps, as much as anything, disgusted his audience. In truth, there was so much of egotism, especially for a young man, apparent in his communications, as to prevent his hearers receiving the satisfaction which might otherwise have been derived from many ingenious observations. For my own part, I esteem him for his ingenuity, learning and industry."

Webster was twenty-eight years of age then, and he had had a hard struggle with the world; for although his father was a substantial Connecticut farmer, descended lineally from John Webster, one of the first Governors of the Colony, and had given him a college education at Yale, yet the war of the Revolution had impoverished the whole country, and made it impossible for his father to maintain him after his graduation. It was in 1778 that he came out of college, when New England had just emerged from the terror and confusion of Burgoyne's invasion. He had hoped to continue his studies until he was prepared to enter the profession of the law. But who could think of studying law in the United States at such a time? When he returned home after Commencement, with his parchment diploma in his pocket, his father gave him an eight-dollar bill, continental currency, worth then about four dollars in silver, and told him he must thenceforth look out for himself.

Brought thus face to face with the stern realities of life, so suddenly too, just after the triumphs of an honorable graduation, his natural buoyancy for a time quite forsook him. He was overwhelmed with apprehensions respecting his future. He had no idea how he should obtain his subsistence, and was at a loss what business first to attempt. In this condition, as he used to say, he read Johnson's Rambler with particular interest, as it seemed to be suited to the case of a young man without experience, thrown upon so puzzling and troublesome a world. As he closed the last volume he began to see a little daylight. He perceived that, whatever might befall him, his only possible safety and happiness lay *in doing right;* and he made a firm resolution to be, throughout his whole life, a strictly virtuous man, performing every duty, so far as he knew it, with scrupulous exactness.

His first employment was to teach a school in the neighborhood of his father's house; for even in those troublous times, New England kept her common schools open during the winter months. In the following summer, he resided as a tutor in the family of Judge Ellsworth, of Hartford. And he continued to teach in various places for the next two years, employing his leisure time in studying law. In 1781, the last year of the war, he was admitted to the bar. But the country not yet being in a condition to give much promise of support to a young lawyer, he removed to Goshen, in the State of New York, and set up a school of his own for the preparation of pupils for college. The school, it seems, did not flourish. Being exceedingly discouraged and perplexed, he began an employment which, since that time, has had a most prodigious extension in the United States, giving wealth to large numbers of people. He wrote a school book. He wrote, in fact, that *Webster's Spelling-Book* which, under various forms and modifications, has sold to the number of fifty millions of copies, and is still in demand to the extent of seven hundred thousand copies per annum.

Having written the work, it was characteristic of the man to take the manuscript to Philadelphia, and show it to Mr. Madison and other distinguished members of Congress. At a very early age we find him in correspondence with Washington, Franklin, Madison, and with Presidents of Colleges, upon the various subjects in which he was interested. Receiving the approbation of Madison and others, he went home and published his little book, following it soon with a grammar and a reading book. These works appear to have been moderately successful from the beginning, and he thought it worth while to make a journey to the South to petition the State Legislatures for a copy-right law. He was a poor man for several years after this, but in the publication of these school books he had laid the foundation for a long career of honorable and independent labor.

After the close of the Revolutionary War, all men of intelligence became greatly interested in politics; for, although independence had been secured, a nation had not yet been created. Nothing was settled. No general government worthy of the name existed. It was difficult to get a quorum of members of Congress together; and when they came together, they had no adequate means of enforcing the laws they might pass. Every one felt the necessity of something more efficient than this; and among the crowd of writers and pamphleteers, Noah Webster came forward with a pamphlet in which he maintained the necessity of forming a general government, endowed with power to execute its own laws. Webster alone, however, valued his performance so highly as to call at Mount Vernon, on his southern journey, and present a copy of it to General Washington. He used to say that he was the first man to advocate the formation of a new government in print. This may be so, but General Washington himself was fully alive to the necessity of a general government even before he had resigned his commission as Commander-in-chief. As early as April, 1783, he wrote to Lafayette upon this subject, expressing the opinion that the establishment of "a new constitution" and an efficient central power were the first duties incumbent upon the States.

When the new government and the lapse of time had given prosperity to the country and brightened its prospects, he settled at Hartford as a lawyer, married, and made his way to a profitable business; from which, however, he was drawn away into politics once more, in 1793, when he deemed the new system of government in danger from the growing prevalence of Democratic opinions. Removing to New York, he founded a daily paper which still exists, the *Commercial Advertiser.* This, however, was not his proper vocation. After an editorial life of three years, he went back to Connecticut, where he settled down to the study of words.

From a very early period in his life he had formed a scheme of reforming the spelling of the English language by the omission of silent letters—a notion which had the hearty concurrence of Dr. Franklin. When he was thirty-one years of age, he deliberately undertook to change the spelling of a language radically and universally. He wished us to spell bread, *bred;* breast, *brest;* give, *giv;* built, *bilt;* realm, *relm;* zeal, *zeel;* grieve, *greev;* laugh, *laf;* believe, *beleev;* daughter, *dawter;* plough, *plow;* tough, *tuf;* prove, *proov;* blood, *blud;* chorus, *korus;* colic, *kolic;* machine, *masheen;* chaise, *shaze;* pique, *peek;* tour, *toor.* No objection could be made to these changes that was founded in reason. But man is not a creature of reason. Our reason is only a small ingredient in our composition, although perhaps the most valuable one. We are creatures of habit. We are obstinate, proud, and vain. I know nothing more delightful in the history of human conceit, than the fact of this gallant young Yankee undertaking to induce his countrymen to adopt such sweeping and radical changes upon *his* recommendation.

But even Noah Webster did not suppose it possible to bring the English people into his system. But this he thought an advantage, because it would render the printing of all good books in America a necessity.

"The English," he said, "will never copy our orthography for their own use, and consequently the same impressions of books will not answer for both countries. The inhabitants of the present generation will read the English impressions, but posterity being taught a different spelling will prefer the American orthography."

In the course of time he made some discoveries concerning the obstinacy of man which induced him to modify his system, and he introduced into his great Dictionary only so many of the changes as he supposed the public could be induced in time to accept. For one, I honor his spirit and courage, and I wish the public had shown itself a little more tractable. In his larger Grammar too, he tried to change the names of the parts of speech. He called a pronoun a *substitute;* but even this slight departure from custom was too much for his own generation.

It was in 1807, when he was forty-nine years of age, that this admirable man, finding that the annual sale of his spelling-book, though he received but a fraction of a cent upon each copy, was sufficient for the support of his family, sat down to the writing of his great Dictionary of the English Language. It cost him eighteen years of constant and joyous labor, in the course of which he travelled in Europe, and resided in France and in England, for the completion of his knowledge. He wrote the last sentence of his Dictionary in England.

"When I finished my copy," he once related, "I was sitting at my table in Cambridge, England, January, 1825. When I arrived at the last word, I was seized with a tremor that made it difficult to proceed. I, however, summoned up strength to finish the work, and then, walking about the room, I soon recovered."

The work was published in 1828, in two volumes, of which twenty-five hundred copies were printed. Eleven years elapsed before another edition was called for, and although the work was highly commended and greatly valued, it yielded the author no profit except the pleasure he enjoyed in writing and correcting it.

> "While engaged in composing my Dictionary," he once wrote, "I was often so much excited by the discoveries I made, that my pulse, whose ordinary action is scarcely sixty beats to the minute, was accelerated to eighty or eighty-five."

He lived to the age of eighty-five, an erect, vigorous, busy, happy old man; and, so far as appears, he might have lived many years longer but for a bad cold and over-fatigue in walking, which brought on a sudden indisposition that ended his life. He was one of the best of men, innocent, honorable, high-principled and public-spirited, an honor to his country, and a blessing to his kind.

◆

A Delicate Young Lady Marries an Old Trapper and Kills a Bear.

[From the Weyauwega (Wisconsin) Times.]

Some few months since, "Uncle Markham," as he is familiarly known, a successful trapper of this vicinity, wooed and won the gushing heart of a timid damsel. Though the trapper is a man well along in years, probably about sixty, he has a great, warm heart, that burned with the intense fire of "love's young dream" for the young maiden of twenty summers. He won the girl's consent, and the wedding was celebrated in the frontier style. A few of the trapper's friends prophesied that the marriage brooded no good to him; but latter events have proven a different state of affairs.

Uncle Markham took his young lily to his little home on the banks of the placid Wolf, where he taught her the divers sports peculiar to his calling. He taught her to fish until she was an adept. He taught her to row a boat until she could "pull like a man." He taught her to shoot until she is a "dead shot." So far he has been happy. She has been all he could ask for, and encouraged with her fast progress, he has been lately teaching her the art of trapping. In this she has recently crowned his ambition with a laurel wreath, and filled his cup of joy to the brim. She has trapped a bear, and shot old Bruin dead in his tracks. It happened on Thursday morning, the 26th ult. The trap had been set for a bear on what is known as the "island" near Wolf River bridge.

On Thursday morning, Alta, the trapper's wife, or "sis," as he is wont to call her, started out, well armed, to look at the traps. Upon nearing one of them she heard a terrible slashing. A few steps brought her in view of the terror of our northern forest. Old Bruin paused in his work to view his strange foe, and greeted her with a howl of rage. That howl was his last. Quietly she drew the stock of the gun to her shoulder, drew a sure bead on the most vital part of the animal, and fired. As the smoke cleared away she saw that the shot had struck home—that her trophy lay bleeding at her feet. After her work was done, she had her husband and a young man help her carry home two hundred pounds of bear meat.

◆

[From the Paterson (N. J.) Guardian.]

Singular Somnambulistic Adventure.

Night before last, Mr. Barney Crane, living in Beach street, went to bed about half-past eleven, leaving the lamp dimly burning. He says he fell asleep immediately. About midnight the neighbors heard a terrible crash in Mr. Crane's house, and some of them going in to see what was the matter, found Barney lying in the yard, under a broken window, bleeding dreadfully. A surgeon was called, and it was only through prompt attention that Mr. Crane was saved from bleeding to death, his legs, arms and body being terribly cut and lacerated. It is believed that Mr. Crane arose in his sleep, came down stairs with the light, set the lamp on the table, and then dived head first through the window. Mr. Crane is a very large man, fully six feet in height, and stout in proportion. Yet he went through a single pane fourteen by twenty-four inches in size, without breaking the sash, and leaving the broken pieces of glass in the corners of the pane he went through. His wounds awoke the man, and the first he knew after going to bed was to find himself lying in a pool of blood, in the yard.

THE TUBEROSE.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Oh, flagons of odor set,
 Pour draughts of your summer wine;
Come rock on my heart awhile,
 Fair stars on the earth ashine.
I've loved languid lilies well,
 Have gathered red roses sweet,
Upreached for laburnum gold,
 Plucked clover about my feet;
But they have no word for me,
 No speech in their scented sprays,
Save only a dimming dream
 Of the sunlighted summer days.
But thou, in my braided hair,
 Out-shimmered one pale moonlight,
And so the sweet tale of love
 Seems linked with thy beauty white.
Oh, glorious, gladsome life,
 That over and 'round me glows,
This pleasure I have to keep,
 The breath of the tuberose.

* * * * * * * *

Have you ever known what it was to droop
 At the breath of the tuberose?
To shrink from the gusts of its warm perfume,
 As you would from unfriendly blows?
To turn aside from its waxen stars,
 And shudder your wet lids down,
With an aching heart for the part it bore
 In a funereal cross and crown?
To trace with its petals so fair and white
 The unanswered name you would call,
And circle the beautiful still white stars
 On the midnight gloom of a pall?
Oh, give me to gather the bright red rose,
 The laburnum and clover bloom,
Great golden-lined lilies, and asters gay,
 They tell me no tale of a tomb.

Oh, dim solemn shadow! and is this Life,
 Where the haunted chambers unclose,
And the very casket around our dead
 May unlock with a tuberose?

The Plot Against Hawley;

OR, THE

PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MAGICIAN," "RED KNIFE," "THE BROKEN HOME," "EDDY'S SEARCH," "THE CLUB-FOOT BEAR," "MARK HEBER'S LUCK," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE RUNAWAYS ANNIHILATED.

Stepping to the entrance of his boat dwelling, Will. Hawley bestowed a brief but comprehensive glance upon the ruffians by whom he was surrounded.

"Seeing is believing, you know," he said, as he turned his gaze again upon Bantam. "You are indeed well attended. I could shoot you, of course, before any of your comrades could come to your aid, but I think we can do better than to proceed to such an extremity. Have you any particular object in coming here?"

"Well, I have," answered Bantam, with a grin of ferocity that rendered him fearfully hideous.

"Have the goodness to name it."

"The fact is, I have several objects in coming here," explained Bantam, continuing to leer malignantly. "My first is to recover the gold you took from me yesterday."

"Nothing is easier—if you can find it," answered Hawley quietly. "I cannot deny that you are possessed of the necessary force. You can have the money, of course."

"I am glad to find you so reasonable," sneered Bantam. "The money duly restored to me, you will have fairly entered upon the work of atonement, and you won't hesitate, therefore, at the next sacrifice in order, which is to suffer in your own persons—you three—the deaths you have so deliberately caused us."

"Do you mean to kill us?"

"After you have suffered a suitable captivity at our hands—yes!" declared Bantam emphatically.

"Well, if these are your views, you will lose your gold, I can promise you. We have hidden it in a place where there is little likelihood of its ever being found by you—"

"Oh, we shall recover it," interrupted Bantam complacently. "We can easily starve you into telling where it is hidden. Should we fail in starving you, we can try something else—a little wholesale torturing, for instance. When you find us cutting off your limbs one by one, you will be willing enough to save a portion of them by yielding up the secret."

"That remains to be seen. If this is your plan of operations, you can enter upon it at once."

The calm, firm attitude of Hawley was not without its effect upon several of the runaways, who had gathered at the entrance, and taken the liberty of looking in upon the scene presented within the boat dwelling.

"Remember the money, Banty," enjoined one of these rude followers, with the freedom appropriate to their lawlessness.

"What is past is past," said another. "The only thing of consequence is the money."

"Silence, all of you," commanded Bantam. "The money shall be ours again, of course, but shall we forego our revenge upon Dougal and Hawley? Did not Dougal kill three or four of us, when we captured his vessel? And has not Hawley cost us more than twenty lives, to say nothing of months of misery, by refusing to let us have a boat?"

"Well, what of all that?" retorted the fellow who had taken the lead in criticising his leader. "Didn't the men killed by Dougal take their chances with the rest of us? Hadn't Dougal a right to defend his ship? Is there any man here who seriously blames him for his brave defence? It was annoying, of course, for him to offer us such a determined resistance, but was it not perfectly proper and natural? And as to Hawley, was it not a fair turn about for him to seize our boats and take himself off to this island?"

"But he might have returned one of the boats to us, at the time when I drifted here on a cake of ice," affirmed Bantam hotly.

"Yes, he might," assented the undaunted follower, "but he would have been a fool to do so, and you know it. Did you not say that you would have killed Hawley and all his friends the moment he placed a boat at your service, and so made it possible for you to reach him?"

"Hush, you fool—"

"But we won't hush, Banty," said still another of the runaways. "The real object of our visit here is the recovery of that gold, and all other objects must be set aside, if they stand between us and that immense fortune."

A murmur of applause which completely encircled the boat dwelling told Bantam that this was the general sentiment of his followers.

"Very well," he growled. "So much for your meddling. We'll content ourselves with the money, and allow these people to take themselves out of our clutches. But I'd like some of you to tell me, since you are all so wise, how this little programme is to be carried into execution."

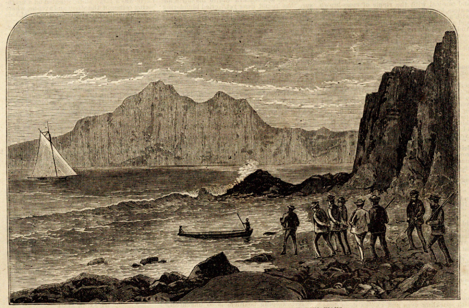
"That is a matter for me to dispose of," observed Hawley, with the same quiet voice and manner he had before used. "The money is hidden somewhere upon this island. If you think you can find it without our aid, go and find it, and waste no more words upon us. If, on the other hand, you are willing to give us our lives in exchange for the money, there will not be the least difficulty in carrying out the arrangement."

"This is all very fair in theory, but impossible in practice," commented Bantam. "Will you tell us where the money is, so long as your lives are in our hands?"

"Certainly not," answered Will.

"On the other hand, are we going to let you out of our hands until we know where the money is? We should be fools to do so. You see, therefore, that the arrangement suggested is doubly impossible."

"I beg leave to think differently. Just offer us our lives in exchange for the money, and see if I do not open a way for a complete and final settlement of the whole matter."



HAWLEY AND HIS TWO FRIENDS CAPTURED BY THE RUNAWAYS.

The increased murmurs with which this remark was received told Hawley that the greed of the runaways was ten times as marked as their desire for revenge. The cause of this sentiment was as natural as simple. Five-sixths of the runaways—namely, the new-comers—had not the least cause of complaint against either Dougal or Hawley.

It was not our hero's policy, however, to come to an instant conclusion. He conjectured that the new-comers had brought a plenty of stores, including large supplies of intoxicating liquors, and he could see for himself that they were naturally quarrelsome and headstrong, and prone to dissensions and disputes. He comprehended that a few days of lawless abandonment to their passions and to ardent spirits could not possibly do his cause any harm, and might result in a great deal of good. Assistance might arrive at any moment, as it was now summer.

"There is no occasion, of course, to make up your minds in a hurry," Will. hastened to add. "My friends and I are your prisoners, and you can do with us what you please. The money is where you cannot get at it until daylight, and we must accordingly adjourn the whole subject until morning. As to our safe-keeping, you can leave us here, under guard—"

"Thank you, we shall do nothing of the kind," interrupted Bantam suspiciously. "You would be pleased to stay here, no doubt, with a view to receiving assistance from various friends and allies that have escaped our clutches."

"Friends and allies?" repeated Hawley. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. When I was here before, you had a madman with you—a shipwrecked sailor, in a long seal-skin robe. I sees nothing of this madman—"

"This is the man," interrupted Will., indicating Jude, who had dressed himself in a reasonable manner, of course, since the restoration of his reason. "He is of sound mind again."

Bantam took a good look at Jude, as far as the dim light permitted.

"That the madman?" he sneered. "I don't believe you. He doesn't look an atom like the stiff old Grand Lama I saw here. In any case, I shall not leave you here. You'll be safer aboard of our stout sloop than elsewhere."

"Where is your sloop?"

"It's standing off and on, within a mile, in charge of Kangaroo Jimmy. We have only two smallish boats, and it was necessary for us to run down here in the sloop, in order to visit you in force and promptly. Here, Dickory Dock—where are you?"

At this call, Dickory advanced from the midst of his fellows. He was as thin as a winter-killed snake, but his air was as jaunty as ever, and his manner full of jubilant insolence.

"Take charge of these men, Dickory," added Bantam, indicating Hawley and his two companions. "Take away all their arms, and secure them with handcuffs."

"All right," said Dickory. "Shall I destroy this establishment?"

"No. Leave it as it is. We may find the money in the morning somewhere in or around this curious dwelling. I will signal the sloop, and we'll all go aboard and go back to the head of Christmas Harbor. We shall be more comfortable in our old camp, with the new tents, than anywhere else."

The task of embarking was effected in the course of twenty minutes, and the sloop set sail for Capt. Cook's old anchorage. Nearly an hour was consumed in the voyage. It was decided, on the way up the bay, that Dickory Dock should remain in charge of the sloop, with half a dozen of the runaways to assist him, and that the rest of the gang should go ashore, as soon as the sloop was anchored, and take possession of the camp which had been formerly occupied by Bantam. As to the prisoners, they were to be placed in the hold, securely ironed, and a constant guard was to be maintained over them.

The darkness was now intense, as the dead of night had arrived, but all these movements and arrangements were carried out in safety, the sloop coming to anchor and the great bulk of the runaways going ashore, while Dickory and half a dozen stout ruffians remained in charge of the vessel and of the prisoners.

"Well, this is a bad out-look for us," whispered Will. to his companions, when all had become quiet.

"Yes; but it might be worse," returned Dougal, with his usual philosophy. "These fellows will all soon be as drunk as fiddlers, to judge by the remarks I have heard them exchanging one with another. About every man seems to have his bottle. This is certainly the case with Dickory and his party, and I dare say that something will happen in our favor. Listen!"

Looking up through the open hatchway and listening, the prisoners could distinctly hear Dickory and his men, who had taken possession of the cabin, and were in the incipient stage of a carousal.

"Talk o' guarding the prisoners," Dickory was heard saying. "We'll guard them, of course, and blow their heads off if they make the least trouble; but they are ironed like an anchor, besides being chained to the deck, and if any mother's son of 'em can move a step, you may set me down as an idiot. Another thing, the boats are all ashore, including the one we captured with these fellows, and there'd be no chance of their escaping if we were to turn them loose this minute."

"Let's have a good time, then," said one of Dickory's men. "I've been pinched up so long that I'd like a good blow-out!"

It was evident that this was the general sentiment of the party, for a scene of noisy and maudlin revelry was soon in a full-blown stage of development. Bottles circulated freely, tumblers rattled on the table, songs were sung uproariously, and fierce oaths and boastings were uttered. About two hours were passed in working up this scene of dissipation to its culminating point, and then the drowse and stupor of drunkenness succeeded, voice after voice being lost in silence, until at last the death-like sleep of inebriety had settled down upon Dickory and all his companions.

"If we could only free ourselves now," whispered Will., struggling with his bonds, "the road would be open for our escape."

"Hark!" enjoined Dougal. "There's a strange rippling alongside, as of an oar or a boat."

They listened as only men can listen who have everything at stake.

There was indeed something going on around them. The rippling was repeated. A slight shock succeeded, as of a boat striking the side of the sloop. A low whisper was heard. And finally a footstep on the deck amidships.

"Hush! this way!" called Will. suddenly, in the most concentrated of whispers.

There was a pause of perfect silence, and then resounded several stealthy footsteps in succession, the latest the loudest, and thus attesting that they were nearing the open hatchway.

"This way!" repeated Will.

The next instant the steps reached the edge of the hatchway, and the outlines of two armed men became visible, as, revolvers in hand, they peered down into the hold.

That these men were enemies of the runaways, and consequently friends of Will. and his party, was an instant and natural conclusion.

"Hush!" warned Hawley. "Caution! Dickory Dock and half a dozen other runaway convicts are in a drunken sleep in the cabin."

"And who are you?" asked one of the new-comers, in a guarded whisper.

Will. briefly explained.

"You are prisoners, then?"

"Yes. Handcuffed and chained."

The two men exchanged a few whispers with each other, and then one of them looked down into the hold again, and said:

"Patience! Perhaps we can release you. One of us has lately been in charge of this kind of cattle, and we have keys as well as handcuffs with us. We'll try to free you!"

One of the men accordingly slid down into the hold by a stanchion. Guided by a whisper, he was soon beside Hawley. Producing a bunch of keys, the stranger set to work as noiselessly as possible, and in less than a minute the three men were completely relieved of their chains.

"Follow me up to the deck," then said the stranger briefly. "We have a boat alongside, with four men in it, and will haul off into the bay until we have talked with you further."

The joy with which Will. and his friends found themselves at liberty, in the boat of the new-comers, a few minutes later, was simply beyond expression.

"And now for fuller details and explanations," said one of the two men, as soon as the boat was at a safe distance from the sloop. "Is not this the sloop in which Kangaroo Jimmy and his gang came from Van Diemen's Land?"

"It is, sir," replied Will. "But Kangaroo Jimmy and the majority of his men have gone ashore, with new tents, and encamped on the top of one of the ridges overlooking the harbor."

"Do you know where their camp is?"

"Certainly. I was here months ago, when Fisty Bantam first took possession of it."

"Fisty Bantam!" cried the stranger, with a start. "Is Fisty Bantam here?"

"Yes, sir—Bantam and all that are left of his followers. They numbered forty-two originally, at the time they seized the *Dower*."

"And they brought the *Dower* here, did they?"

"They did, and they burned her at just about the spot where we are lying now, she having sprung a leak and run aground."

"And what became of her commander, Dougal, who was carried off by the wretches?"

"He's here beside you."

"Indeed!" said the stranger, with another start, and in a voice indicative of deep satisfaction. "Then I may as well tell you who I am—Captain Hedges, of Her Majesty's ship *Thunderer*, the very man-of-war, Capt. Dougal, that lay in the port of Perth when you was captured."

Most joyful were the greetings that followed.

"My ship is standing off the harbor," said Captain Hedges, "and we have followed Jimmy and his gang here, with the intention of capturing or killing every one of them. And if we can include Bantam and his gang in the punishment, so much the better. We captured one of Jimmy's men, you see, who had fallen mortally wounded, and he told us everything."

"But was not Jimmy intending to reach here sooner, Captain Hedges?" asked Dougal.

"He was; but his first attempt at running away proved a failure."

The whole situation of affairs was fully explained, and Captain Hedges discussed with Hawley and his friends the best way of destroying or capturing the runaways. It was soon settled that the sloop should be seized with the first gleam of day, and before Dock and his comrades should awake from their drunken slumbers. It was also settled that Bantam and Kangaroo Jimmy should be attacked in their camp at the moment of the sloop's capture.

"In this way we can kill the rascals to good advantage," concluded Capt. Hedges. "It must be a point with us not to let a single man of them escape."

He exhibited a light seaward, taking care that it would not be visible from the shore, and in a few minutes the *Thunderer* came standing up to the boat, in response to the signal.

"We'll go aboard and make ourselves comfortable, gentlemen, while we further discuss our plans," said Capt. Hedges. "I must hear more of all your curious adventures here, while my officers are getting everything ready for the little job before us."

We need not linger upon these preparations, nor upon the blow that fell upon the runaways with the first gleams of the following morning. Suffice it to say that the sloop was captured without a blow, Dickory and his men being surprised in their sleep, and either killed or taken prisoners, while the camp of the runaways ashore was made a veritable slaughter-pen. The few of them that escaped the first volleys of the assailants were hunted up and down the adjacent shores all the forenoon, and until it was believed that every man of them had either been killed or captured, or chased into the sea and been drowned. At least a dozen had met this latter fate, and their bodies had been carried away by the tide. It was thought that Bantam was among these latter, as his body was not among those which had fallen upon the shores of the island.

And so the runaways were annihilated, and Will. and his friends became masters of the situation.

"And now for our course," said Dougal to Hawley, when all was over. "We can have the sloop, if you choose, load our treasure into her, and sail for the Cape of Good Hope, where you can transfer yourself sooner or later to a safe vessel, and so return to New York, while I return from the Cape to Scotland."

The temptation to take the sloop was a strong one. How Hawley's soul burned at the thought of returning to New York! But he knew that the sloop was not fit for the voyage. He knew, too, that he might be delayed for a ship a long time at the Cape of Good Hope.

"No," said he finally. "The *Thunderer* is going back immediately to her station at Perth, and we had better go in her. Once in Perth, we'll charter a ship direct for New York, or buy one. In this way we shall avoid the risk of the voyage to Good Hope, and the probable delay of waiting at Good Hope for a ship bound to New York. In fact, it will be both quicker and safer for us to go back to Perth. A good ship chartered or bought, we'll come here for Uncle Tommy's treasure, and then sail for New York; and I dare say you'll reach home by this route sooner than by any other. I hate to leave the treasure unguarded so long, of course. One or two of the runaways may have escaped, and may dig it up in our absence."

"There is something in that," assented Dougal."

"Another thing, a ship may come here within a few days, as it is now summer, and if I were here—"

"Well, look you," interrupted Dougal. "There is a way of conciliating all these interests. I will go to Perth in the *Thunderer*, and you and Jude shall remain here in charge of the treasure. I can do the business alone in Perth as well as all of us together, and in less than two months will be back here with a splendid ship. You, in the mean time, if a ship should arrive, can avail yourself of her presence, if you should see fit to do so, and leave a letter for me in the hut of the three pirates."

"Good!" said Will. emphatically. "I like this proposal. Jude and I will remain here, while you go to Perth for a ship. All we shall need is one of the sloop's boats, or even our old boat from the *Dower*, and a few clothes and provisions."

This course was accordingly taken. The *Thunderer* sailed for Perth the same afternoon, with Capt. Dougal, while Will. and Jude, with the sloop's best boat, well loaded with supplies, went back to their boat dwelling upon Sentry-box island.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE INDIAMAN AND THE PIRATES.

We must now ask leave to conduct the reader aboard of the piratical schooner we left pursuing the *Petrel*, the Indiaman in which Mr. Aymar, Mrs. Hawley's uncle, had embarked for America, with his second vast fortune of a million.

The joy of the pirates, as they drew near their prey, can be imagined.

Glass in hand, with his gaze fixed upon the crippled and foundering Indiaman, stood the chief of the lawless and murderous horde upon the deck of his swift schooner.

He was a very giant, hoary with age, and hairy as an Esau, with cheeks which strong drink had bloated, and with eyes which were bloodshot and watery. The leathery skin of his face had been tanned by wind and sun to a dark brown, and was streaked with hideous scars. His mouth, nearly toothless, was as large relatively as a shark's—widened, as it was, with a smile of exulting wickedness. His glances were those of a beast of prey—furtive and ferocious. He was clad in a strange outlandish garb, and armed with a cutlass and a pair of revolvers.

Beside the Gunner stood his lieutenant, a man of undersized figure, gaunt as a starved wolf, and having a wolf's strength, activity and endurance. This lieutenant was of English birth, as was his chief, but had changed so much in aspect and manner during his many years of lawlessness that nearly every sign of his nationality had vanished.

Around this savage couple swarmed a hundred and twenty desperadoes, comprising men of nearly every race and color. The Malay element was in the ascendant, however, the majority of the pirates being of that blood, and all of them wearing the characteristic arms and garb of those daring marauders.

As the boats in charge of Capt. Graham and Mr. Sterling pulled away from the *Petrel*, as narrated, a cry of fiendish rejoicing resounded far and wide from the deck of the schooner.

"There they go—the last of them," said the Gunner. "So much for our having a name. The poor sinners are afraid to wait for our visit."

"They may well be excused," returned the lieutenant, with a glance at the two famous guns carried by the schooner—the one mounted on the bow, and the other astern. "They know that we carry the tools. You are sure that the ship is the *Petrel*, Captain?"

"As sure as I am that my eyes are now upon you, lieutenant. You could read her name at this moment, if it were not for this infernal mist."

"And you are equally sure that the old nabob took passage in her?"

"Yes—as certain as certainty itself. I know that Mr. Aymar is among her passengers, and that he brought his money with him—his second fortune, you know—the fortune he has spent the last ten years in accumulating, to replace the fortune of which he was robbed by our predecessors in business. And why shouldn't I be certain, if you please? Haven't I given my whole attention to this matter for six months past? You know what was my arrangement with Fisty Bantam and Kangaroo Jimmy. I ought to have been at the island of Desolation three months ago to meet them. But I was bound to have this man's money. We have all counted upon having that money just as much as we have counted upon living. Our spies have been as thick as flies in Calcutta for months past."

"And not in vain, it seems," said the lieutenant, with subdued excitement. "We have tracked the man and his money. The crew and passengers have deserted the *Petrel* to-day, just as Mr. Aymar and his friends deserted the *Hornet* on a like occasion ten years ago, when your amiable predecessor in office was after them. I only hope that we shall be luckier than he was—that we shall not only get the money, but keep it."

"Oh, but we shall make sure of it," growled the Gunner ferociously. "We need it to make ourselves quits with our enemies. My only regret is that we shall lose the ship. She would have done us good service. But she's certainly filling. There are a dozen feet of water in her already. See how she pokes her nose under and kicks up her heels! That awful squall opened a big gap somewhere in her timbers. She's sure to sink in a few hours. But we shall have time to secure those kegs of gold, and that is the essential. The money is doubtless hidden under the cargo, not far from the main hatch. At least, that was the report of our spies. In any case, we'll have it. Let the men be ready to move quickly."

In ten minutes more the schooner had come up with the *Petrel*, and hove to under her quarter, but at a respectful distance, as there was still quite a swell upon the water, and the Indiaman was rolling and plunging heavily.

"She's ours, lads," cried the Gunner, after sweeping the sea with his glass. "Not a soul is near to disturb us. Out with two boats, lieutenant, with a dozen men in each, and take along an ax or two. Lively!"

The boats in charge of Capt. Graham and his executive were now losing themselves in the dense mist which had descended upon the face of the ocean and was turning to rain. As to those in which Rundel and the mutinous crew had previously embarked, they had already vanished. The pirates had indeed secured a free field for their work.

They were soon aboard of the ship—a round dozen of them—and the Gunner led the way to the cabin.

"Look first in every state-room and pantry," was his order.

This programme was soon executed, but with no other result than to show that the money was not concealed in any of these places.

"As I thought," commented the Gunner. "The money is hidden beneath the cargo in the hold. Creel's belief was that it is under the hatch. At any rate, we'll look for it in that quarter."

A smart shower had now set in, beating down the wind and the waves almost instantaneously, and so enabling the piratical schooner to draw nearer to the ship, and, a few minutes later, to make fast to her alongside, when the great body of the pirates came swarming aboard of her.

"Lively, lads!" cried the Gunner, as the boxes and bales began to tumble up from the hold. "Take a look at these things, and carry the best of them aboard the schooner."

In the course of half an hour a hole was made in the cargo to the very keel of the ship, but nothing was seen of any loose bullion, or of any suspicious looking boxes that might contain it.

A shadow mantled the Gunner's brow.

"Look elsewhere!" he shouted. "Scatter, lads, all of you, and don't leave one box upon another. That money must be somewhere, and we must have it! Look in and under the forecastle. Stir up everything, even to the cables. Lively, all, for we haven't long to stay. The ship is certainly filling!"

Swarming throughout the hold, the cabin and the forecastle—plunging everywhere into the depths of the ship—the whole crew of the schooner searched eagerly for the money, breaking, plundering, destroying, and presenting a scene worthy of Pandemonium.

A whole long terrible hour of excited search thus passed, and yet no trace was found of the treasure.

The brow of the Gunner continued to darken.

"I hope we sha'n't miss it," said his lieutenant, as they happened to meet. "We must certainly soon come upon it."

"Well, I don't know," returned the Gunner, with a frightful oath. "I begin to have my misgivings. The truth is, we have been having a run of misfortunes lately that'd wring tears from a cast-iron bull-dog. We've been chased from pillar to post—reduced to one-half our original number—shot, hanged and drowned—hunted, in short, to the very ends of the earth. I can tell you one thing, lieutenant: if I lose Mr. Aymar's money, I'll quit the business."

The lieutenant looked at his commander attentively.

"Are you serious?" he asked.

"Never more so. And why shouldn't I be serious, if you please? The only thing that can make this sort of life agreeable is a good prize occasionally. If I lose this long sought fortune, I'll abandon the business in disgust. I can make more money lecturing in England or the Colonies as a reformed pirate. Just think how that title would look on a large poster. *The Reformed Pirate!* What a crowd would come to hear me! The humbuggery of the 'Reformed Drunkard' and the 'Reformed Gambler' would be nowhere in comparison."

"Well, if this is your mood, we must take care that the money is forthcoming. Where *can* it be? They can't have carried it off in their boats?"

"No—nothing of the kind. The boats were all empty when they were lowered into the water, or they would have been swamped. If the gold had been in them, it would have been pitched overboard in the sea that was running, but it wasn't in them. I saw the inside bottom of every boat, at every plunge it made, and there was nothing in any of them when they were lowered. And as they were filled with people, and pushed off in less than thirty seconds after striking the water, every one of them, I can swear that not a penny was saved in any of them."

"Then where can the money be?"

Before the Gunner could reply, a yell of triumph arose far down in the hold of the ship—a yell as of ten thousand demons.

"Here it is!"

"Found at last!"

"The gold is found!"

Such were the cries of scores of excited voices in unison.

The Gunner turned pale with his pleased excitement.

"Pass it up here!" he commanded, from the edge of the main hatch. "It is in kegs, I suppose."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"The very kegs spoken of by Creel," commented the Gunner. "He saw them go into the hold. There are just twenty of them?"

"Aye, aye, sir; just twenty!" came up from below.

"Pass it up, then!" cried the Gunner, wiping his damp brow.

The order was obeyed. The yells of rejoicing which saluted the first keg were indescribable. It was a regular bullion keg, stoutly ironed, and made of the best of oak. Its companions followed it in rapid succession, and the entire number of twenty kegs was soon ranged at the Gunner's feet.

"Well, this *is* a fair sight," he exclaimed, as he lifted one of the kegs. "This pays us for all our troubles. It's the old nabob's new fortune, sure enough—and the whole of it. We shall have a big pile apiece. Every man of us is now a rich man. Here, steward, we must have something to drink. Fetch out a cask of brandy, and knock in the head."

The steward obeyed this order with the excited activity appropriate to the occasion, and brandy was soon circulating as freely as water, while the air was rent with shouts and yells of wild jubilance.

"A glorious day for us, lads!" cried the Gunner, tossing off a cup of the maddening liquid. "I'll open one of the kegs, and show you the shiners. The ax, steward! Loosen a couple of hoops there, and take out the head."

The task was soon accomplished, and the whole horde of pirates pressed forward eagerly, as the head of the keg was raised—but only to recoil with one vast murmur of disappointment and wondering confusion.

Nothing but sand met their view.

"What's this?" cried the Gunner, dashing his hand into the keg.

His hand coming in contact with pieces of metal, he hastened to draw some of them forth.

They were pieces of lead.

Instantly reversing the keg, he poured out its contents upon the deck.

Only sand and lead were visible.

The murmur of the pirates deepened to a howl of savage rage.

Setting his teeth hard together, the Gunner hastily opened a second keg and poured out its contents, but with the same result as before.

"We're duped," he then cried, hollowly. "The nabob has tricked us! These kegs are all filled with lead and sand! The money we sought has gone to New York by another ship."

The blasphemies that followed were sickening.

A score of the pirates advanced upon the kegs, with axes and other instruments, and all of them were soon emptied. The contents were in every case the same. They had been filled with bars of lead as closely as it could be packed, and the spaces between the bars had been filled up with sand.

"There's no mistake about it," exclaimed the Gunner savagely. "The nabob has tricked us! His experience of ten years ago with pirates has made him cunning. If I hadn't seen him with my own eyes upon the deck of this ship, as she left her wharf at Calcutta, I should be tempted to believe that he had sailed, money and all, in some other vessel."

"May he not have done so?" asked the lieutenant.

"No. He sailed in this ship, and his money was with him. He may have flung it overboard, to prevent us from getting it, but it is more probable that he has concealed it in some part of the ship that we have not yet examined. Back to the hold, all of you! Search every nook and corner. Break open every barrel and box. Tear even the bales of dry goods in pieces. We must and will have that money. It can't be possible that it has been flung overboard. Mr. Aymar would not think of such a desperate act until the last minute, and then it would be too late."

The wild search was resumed again, and at once took upon itself all the aspects of a frantic and despairing hunt. Every man explored for himself whatever portion of the ship seemed most likely to have been selected as the hiding-place of the money. The hold was overhauled so thoroughly that nearly every box and bale was handled. The cabin was ransacked from one end to the other. Floors were ripped up and walls sounded. The very desperation of the pirates prevented anything like their best efforts being drawn from them.

For hours this eager search was continued, with a thousand cries and ejaculations of rage and disappointment, but at last a general chorus of discouragement resounded throughout the ship, as the majority of the pirates began to abandon the vain quest.

"You are right, lads," assented the Gunner, as a score of his followers announced their non-success, and their belief in the impossibility of finding the money. "The old rat of a nabob has in some way tricked us. He has either sent his money to America by another ship, or he has hidden his gold aboard of this ship in such a way that you would have to put her upon the stocks, or turn her inside out, to find it. The money may have been concealed along the keel under the sheathing, or it may have been suspended somewhere between the knees, or— But I'm a fool to speculate. There are a thousand places where it may have been hidden, and in such a way that we should have to literally tear the ship to pieces to find it. If we had time, of course we might do something more, but as it is—impossible. Just notice. The ship is sinking!"

A grave and terrible danger was indeed now pressing upon the pirates.

During all these hours of excitement the ship had been slowly but surely filling with water, and consequently every instant settling lower and lower into the sea.

And now she had at last become so waterlogged that every one of her staggering lurches threatened to take her beneath the waves forever.

A score of voices were accordingly now proclaiming in startled and startling tones that the ship was going down immediately.

"We must get out of this," cried the Gunner, as he emerged from the cook's galley, where his last desperate hope had carried him. "The ship is liable to sink at any moment. But let's touch her off in two or three places before we go, so as to make sure that Aymar will never by any possibility see a dollar of the money he has hidden so cleverly in her."

A few of the pirates were desperate enough to receive this proposal with favor, notwithstanding the risk of tarrying long enough upon the doomed ship to carry it out.

"Yes, let's burn her," cried several of these men in chorus.

They at once set to work, while the great body of the pirates hurried aboard of their schooner.

The long and exciting day was now drawing to a close, and the swift, dense darkness of a cloudy and stormy twilight was descending upon the face of the ocean. The rain still continued, and it kept the wind and sea hushed, but the coming night was already as gloomy as the grave.

"Lively, lads!" called the Gunner, as he made his way to the schooner, "The fire'll show up nicely, if the ship does not sink immediately."

Three or four fires were speedily kindled in various parts of the ship, including one in the cabin, and the balance of the pirates then flew over the side of the *Petrel* to their schooner, just as she was casting clear of the wreck, and beginning to draw ahead of her.

"Good!" cried the Gunner exultingly. "If we cannot have the money, we can at least make certain that others will not have it. Crowd on all sail, lieutenant. We must get clear of the ship at once, lest one of these plunges should take her under, and us with her. We'll stand away in pursuit of the fugitives, and give ourselves the pleasure of sending them to the bottom, if we can find them."

And thus the piratical schooner swept clear of the doomed Indiaman, abandoning her and everything aboard of her to speedy destruction.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WINNING A LOVER.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Five dollars! Oh, Bridget, I wish I knew of any way by which *I* could earn five dollars."

Our scene was no silk-lined boudoir, no picturesque wooded ravine fringed with ferns and musical with the ripple of moss-brown waters, but only an underground city kitchen, with a gloomy range of wash-tubs on one side, and a scantily furnished dresser on the other. And Minnie Akerly, a beautiful young girl of seventeen, sat perched on the aforesaid tubs, swinging her pretty little slippered feet to and fro, while a stout Irishwoman, with a basket on her arm, stood opposite.

"You, Miss, dear!" echoed Bridget Maloney. "But sure that's a different thing altogether."

"We need money so badly," said Minnie soberly. "And now that papa is ill, and has lost his office, we have so little. Mamma mended point-lace for Madame Cherié last week, and got a little. And Sara advertised for a place as nursery governess, but no one answered the advertisement. I could teach, I think, but every place is filled, and Mr. Russel says there are ten applicants at least to every vacancy."

"The pity of it!" sighed sympathizing Bridget, "when the likes of me gets more work than she can do. For there's a jintleman sent a dozen shirts last night to be done up, and it's meself will have to send 'em back."

"How much do you have a piece?" Minnie eagerly asked.

"A shilling, Miss."

"That would be twelve shillings—a dollar and a half," said Minnie meditatively. "Bridget, would you let me do them?"

"You, Miss Minnie!"

"Do," coaxed the girl. "I know I could. I did papa's last week, and he never knew they were not ironed by a regular laundress. I should so like to earn a little money all of my own. I could buy mamma some wine, and Sara a new winter dress, and— Oh," with a long sigh, "I could do *so* many nice things, if only I had a little money!"

"Well, I declare," said honest Bridget, rubbing her nose. "And you Judge Akerly's daughter!"

"Won't you let me, Bridget?"

Minnie had jumped off the wash-tubs and come close to the good-natured Irishwoman, with sparkling eyes and cheeks deep dyed with the earnestness of her pleading. "Please. I could come to your house this afternoon, and papa would think I was walking in the Park."

"Sure you'd be kindly welcome, Miss," acceded Bridget. "Only—"

And away ran Minnie in great glee, to make all necessary preparations for the afternoon's work.

"I won't tell Sara," she thought, "nor mamma, because they'd be sure to cry and make a fuss over it. I'll just steal quietly away after I have made the omelette for papa's lunch. Only, if Mr. Russel *should* call—" and the long face fell for a second—"but perhaps he won't. Any way, this is one of the opportunities to help myself that I have sighed for so long, and it will only be throwing luck away to neglect it."

And so Minnie Akerly stole away at two o'clock, much to the displeasure of her elder sister Sara.

"I think she might have stayed to read to papa," said she, "instead of leaving it always to me."

"My dear," said conciliatory Mrs. Akerly, "you must remember that she is very young, and needs more relaxation than we do."

"Relaxation!" If they could only have seen Minnie at that moment, with flushed cheeks and sleeves rolled up to the fair round shoulders, working as if her life depended on it, they might have taken a different view of matters and things in general.

And the next day she went again, to iron the shirts she had washed so daintily.

"Sure, Miss, you're making them look like white satin," cried admiring Bridget. "And it's yourself would make a dacent livin' entirely, as a laundress, so you would! Only it makes my heart ache to see the little white hands of you all blistered and burned with the irons, and parboiled with soapsuds."

"My hands!" said Minnie contemptuously. "A little glycerine and a week of kid gloving, and they'll be all right again."

"Married!" said Eugene Russel meditatively. "And why shouldn't I get married, Helena? Is not a man all the happier for uniting his fortune with some truly congenial soul?"

"Young ladies now-a-days are all so trashy and trivial," said Mr. Russel's mature, strong-minded sister, sewing diligently away on red flannel shirts for the poor.

"Most young ladies, I grant you," observed Eugene. "But not all, Helena."

"And you are the very one to be imposed upon and blinded," said Miss Helena Russel, who had never yet left off regarding her younger brother as a very small boy, who required admonishing and looking after, in every respect.

"Now you are judging unfairly, Helena. You never have seen Minnie Akerly."

"I've heard of her though," said Helena Russel dryly. "She waltzes, and sings, and plays croquet."

"Is any one of the three a capital crime, Helena?" laughingly demanded Eugene.

"Nonsense—you know that isn't what I mean. But it would be a great deal more to the point if she could sew on buttons and iron shirts."

"Perhaps she can," suggested Mr. Russel.

"Is it likely?" contemptuously retorted Miss Helena.

"Suppose we declare a truce upon the subject," said her brother. "It's quite plain that we never shall agree on it; and in the mean time, what do you say to going around with me to see Mrs. Maloney?"

"Mrs. Maloney? Oh, the laundress. Yes, I suppose we ought to see her about the summer's washing. But is it necessary for me to go myself?"

"It would be better, I suppose."

And rather grudgingly, Miss Russel went to put on her walking habiliments.

"A sad, disagreeable part of the city to come to," she said, elevating at the same time her skirts and her patrician nose, as they wended their way to the region of tenement houses, groceries and small thread and needle stores that stretched westward, not far from the palatial mansions of Fifth Avenue itself.

"Yet people live here, Helena."

"Yes; and I suppose they like it. Why don't they all go West? I'd send 'em there, if I was government, whether they would or not."

"Then it is fortunate that you are not government," dryly observed Mr. Russel. "This is the number, I believe. Halloo! my little man"—to a dirty-faced urchin, paddling in the gutter—"does Mrs. Bridget Maloney live here?"

Master Maloney pricked up his ears.

"It's my mother," he said; "an' it's in the basement you'll find her."

And with a twist of his bristly head in the direction indicated, he dived once more into the gutter.

Mr. Russel, with Miss Helena standing austerely by, tapped once at the door, twice, three times, before Mrs. Maloney's fine contralto voice shouted out:

"Come in, whoever you be, an' don't stand there knockin' the door down. Och, an' I beg your pardon. I didn't know it was the quality."

But Eugene Russel stood still in the doorway, his eyes glued to the scene that met their gaze—Minnie Akerly, in a buff calico dress and white apron, ironing diligently away, with a pile of snowy shirts on her left hand, and a basket of sprinkled linen on the right. And Minnie herself colored like the "red, red rose" for a minute.

"Why am I ashamed?" she resolutely asked herself. "Am I doing anything wrong? I *won't* be such a fool!"

And with this doughty resolution in her mind, she glanced calmly up, the pink shadows still glowing on her cheek.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Russel," she said calmly.

And Eugene stammeringly introduced her to his sister, who had stood judicially eyeing the whole scene.

"It's the gentleman a wantin' his shirts, an' sure they're not done yet," cried blundering Bridget.

"But they will be soon," said Minnie quietly—"I am on the last one now—if Mr. Russel will sit down and wait a few minutes."

"You, Miss Akerly, ironing my shirts?"

"Even so," Minnie answered. "The truth is, Mr. Russel, we are poor; and although ironing shirts is not so genteel an occupation as giving music lessons or making wax-flowers, I am glad to earn a little money in any way. I believe those shirts will give satisfaction," and she smilingly glanced at the completed pile.

Miss Helena came forward with her gray eyes fairly luminous with satisfaction.

"My dear," said she, "I couldn't have done 'em better myself, and that's saying a good deal."

And she nodded, in an approving way, at her brother.

Minnie Akerly went home with the dollar and a half in her pocket, the most triumphant little capitalist you ever beheld.

"I don't think Mr. Russel was *very* much shocked," she said to herself; "for he said he would keep my secret from papa, and promised to call this evening."

And three months afterward, when Eugene Russel was married to Minnie Akerly, he wore one of the very shirts that had been washed and ironed by the bride's fair hands.

"I could not be half so proud of it," he said, "if it were fashioned out of cloth of gold."

REPUBLICAN NELLY.

BY MARY D. BARTLES.

"Keep a boarding-house! How dreadful!"

"Why, Dora, mamma is quite hopeful about it," said Nelly Dalton, in some surprise. "She thinks if she can obtain a pleasant set of boarders it will be less lonely for us, and though she does not intend asking extravagant prices, she wants to be well remunerated of course."

"But keeping boarders is so ungenteel," said Dora Simmons.

"How many extra servants does Mrs. Dalton intend to engage?" inquired Agatha Simmons coolly.

"Only a cook. Mamma expects to retain Jane and Bridget, and the number of boarders wanted by mamma will not exceed eight," said Nelly.

"I think Mr. Montague will go there very seldom, if Nelly's mother keeps a boarding-house, he is so very fastidious," said Agatha Simmons to her elder sister Dora, after Nelly had concluded her call and left.

"Perhaps, Agatha," said Dora, "you had better go less frequently to Mrs. Dalton's yourself. You know that we go in very fashionable society. I shouldn't care to have Mrs. Spencer Hoyt aware that the Daltons were among our list of acquaintances, if the boarding-house scheme is accomplished. If you are ever formally invited to Mrs. Dalton's and wish to go, why, do so. I am of the opinion that *I* quite prefer to remain away."

For a long time Mr. Montague had been attentive to Nelly Dalton, and Agatha had vainly tried to rival her, with little, if any success. But after Nelly had gone, Agatha began to be really pleased with the idea of the boarding-house, as thereby she hoped Mr. Montague would soon cease to visit at Mrs. Dalton's so frequently.

It was a very busy forenoon at Mrs. Dalton's some two months later. Bridget was assisting the cook by preparing vegetables for the soup. Jane was ironing, and Mrs. Dalton making ready the table for luncheon. Nelly was in the parlor, where she had been engaged in removing dust from the furniture, re-draping the curtains, and arranging the vases and few parlor ornaments that were kept there, in their accustomed places. She had just finished, and was about to leave the room, when the door bell rang, and she went at once to answer the summons. Nelly was rather surprised, however, when she admitted Mr. Montague into the hall, as it was not usual for him to call at that hour of the day. He was dressed in the height of the fashion, and had brought with him a very beautiful bouquet, with the word "Nelly" arranged in floral letters in the centre.

Mr. Montague had frequently been entertained in Mrs. Dalton's parlor by a stylishly dressed young lady, whom he had greatly admired. Was this the same Nelly Dalton, wearing a plain morning dress and large kitchen apron? Yes, it was the same; and he was welcomed as cordially as ever by her, and after they were in the parlor, she said:

"I had no idea it was you, Mr. Montague; but it is a very busy day with us. Mamma's last vacant room was taken yesterday."

"Have you company staying with you," inquired Mr. Montague, "that you have extra household cares?"

"Why, Mr. Montague," said Nelly, "there are eight people, boarders, here now, and that is why my time, especially during the busiest days of the week, is so much more occupied."

"*Boarders!*" exclaimed Mr. Montague, then paused for a few moments before continuing: "Miss Dalton, I brought you this bouquet of flowers, hoping you would deign—" Pause number two. "I wonder—"

"Were you looking for your hat, Mr. Montague?" asked Nelly calmly. "I believe you left it on the hall table."

After he was gone Nelly sat down by the table on which were placed the flowers. She looked at them for a while—such a choice selection. Then she thought:

"I did admire Mr. Montague very much. I am sorry to think that he is so absurd. I suppose this dress is not beautiful, or very becoming, and this apron is suitable for kitchen wear. As to mamma's keeping a boarding-house, if he chooses to discontinue his visits on that account, he is quite welcome to do so."

Mrs. Spencer Hoyt, who lived in a very handsome house on a fashionable avenue, that same evening received a call from her favorite nephew, Mr. Sidney Lawrence.

"Really, Sidney," she said, "I did not know but you were out of town. Where are you located at present? at some hotel? or are you migrating as usual from one boarding-house to another? Ill-managed, comfortless, unhome-like places many of them are."

"Aunt Julia, I am boarding not far from here," said Mr. Lawrence, "with a widow lady named Mrs. Dalton. The house is managed by herself, and she is assisted by her daughter and the servants. I am quite pleased with the furnishing of the table. It is well appointed, and the dinners are excellent, and not scant as to quantity."

"How long is it since you commenced boarding there, Sidney?"

"Only a week, Aunt Julia; but the house is so pleasant and cheerful, that I think now I shall not move, unless something unanticipated occurs, again this winter. I am tired of going from one house to another, hoping to find each an improvement, but seldom realizing my hopes."

And Mr. Lawrence did continue to board at Mrs. Dalton's during the winter, and few of the other boarders seemed to care to leave; but when any did go, there were speedily applicants to take their places, and Mrs. Dalton found her boarding-house a success.

Mr. Montague, with Agatha Simmons, was sometimes seen by Nelly to pass the house, but they never seemed by their manner to be aware that any of their acquaintances resided there.

Mr. Lawrence and Nelly had attended more than one concert together, and though he had often met Nelly when she was plainly dressed, and busy about household affairs, he admired her nearly, if not quite as much then, as when she was wearing the richest silk she owned.

Winter and spring passed away, and Mr. Montague had not called at Mrs. Dalton's since the morning he had brought the bouquet, and Nelly did not grieve at all about his absence.

One day in the early summer, an hour or two after breakfast, Nelly went out to order home some vegetables and fruit for dinner. There was a large store, situated on a neighboring corner of the street and avenue, where Mrs. Dalton usually obtained supplies of this description, and thither Nelly went. She found a variety of fruits and vegetables arranged outside of the store, and made her selections there.

"You may send home six of these cauliflowers, Mr. Miner," she was saying, just as a very dignified looking elderly lady and a young gentleman were passing.

Nelly need not have hesitated about showing her recognition of Mr. Lawrence, as he had bowed and raised his hat, just as if he had been away for six months, instead of having breakfasted with her that very morning.

"Who was that, Sidney?" was Mrs. Spencer Hoyt's inquiry, as they went on.

"Miss Dalton, Aunt Julia."

"Indeed! and she has courage enough to give orders in the housekeeping line in that public place! Sidney, I think you have found a prize. Such absurd notions as some girls have now-a-days! And yet, Sidney, America is a republic."

Mr. Lawrence and Nelly were married in Mrs. Dalton's parlor ere the summer was half gone. Mrs. Spencer Hoyt's elegant carriage was waiting at the door to convey her nephew and the bride to the depot. Miss Agatha Simmons, in floating draperies of white tarletan over pink silk, came in grandly enough, but was rather surprised to find Mrs. Hoyt there, and to learn that Mr. Sidney Lawrence was the wealthy banker by whom Mr. Montague was employed as a clerk.

Nelly looked very pretty in a gray travelling dress and bonnet of the same shade, and received the congratulations of the company with ease and grace.

After the return from the wedding tour in September, Mrs. Dalton no longer kept a boarding-house, but presided, by Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence's request, over the beautiful house that was Nelly's new home.

A SUMMER AT ROSE COTTAGE.

BY SADIE KING.

Maggie was sweeping and dusting the little parlor, singing gayly the while, her sleeves tucked up to her shoulders, a pair of her uncle's old buckskin gloves drawn on her hands, and a towel pinned over her hair to protect it from the dust. Mr. and Mrs. Meadowes had driven over to the village, and Maggie had promised to have everything in "apple-pie" order by their return. Her turkey wing was going briskly in and out of all sorts of odd corners, in a vain search for dust, when she heard wheels come up the road and stop at the gate. Rushing out to see what could have brought the old couple back so early, she was somewhat abashed to find a buggy with two city gentlemen, one of whom she recognized as the fastidious Arthur Vere, a friend of her sister Annas, the other as Charles Wilder, May Norton's fiancé.

One thought she gave to her ludicrous appearance, while the hot blood mounted to her brow; but neither of them knew her, and as they seemed not to notice her queer costume, she quite recovered her self-possession while listening to Arthur's explanation that they had missed their road, and desired to be directed to Squire Norton's.

They wore immaculate white linen, and broad-brimmed Panamas, but, in spite of their trim elegance, seemed so heated, and cast such longing glances toward the cool vine-covered veranda, that Maggie invited them to enter and await her uncle's return, when they could obtain the desired directions.

After seeing them comfortably seated, she disappeared within, but soon returned with all traces of her recent occupation removed—her blue lawn crisp and clear, dainty ruffles at neck and wrist, and the most coquettish of white aprons. Arthur would have been quite charmed with the "little rustic" had he been equal to the exertion of feeling anything but the intense heat.

She was a witching little creature, with a wealth of golden brown curls, soft violet eyes, and a perfect rose-bud of a mouth; no "rustic" either, but a dainty-bred, city maiden, who had come out into the country for a little rest and quiet before entering fashionable life.

Charlie was silent and haughty; Arthur languidly patronizing. She was a little piqued, for though not yet "out," she had lots of beaux, and had played at flirting since she was in long clothes, so her mother averred. She could count a half dozen youths now who would be wild with delight at a tithe of the graciousness which these gentlemen treated so cavalierly, and she determined to teach Mr. Arthur Vere a lesson.

Gathering a basket and tying on her garden hat—a hideous affair, that stood around her head like an umbrella—she excused herself to the gentlemen, saying, "Aunt Meadowes wished her berries picked and hulled for tea."

They let her start off to the garden alone, but Charlie was not a very agreeable companion that morning; he had promised to drive May out, and was provoked at Arthur for not trying a while longer to find the road; but this latter was in one of his intolerably lazy moods, and "would rather stay at the little cottage forever, than risk driving an unnecessary mile or two in the heat." So saying, he followed Maggie, and to her amazement the elegant Arthur Vere actually commenced picking berries. He did look somewhat ruefully at his soft white hands, of which he was as vain as a woman, then up at the burning sun; but a little tan, which cosmetic gloves would soon remove, was better than Charlie's glumness. So he set to work industriously. The basket was soon filled, and they had nearly finished hulling, when Arthur asked:

"Is this the way you pass your time, dusting and picking berries?"

"Oh, no," she answered, laughing merrily. "I weed the garden, make the bread, churn the butter, feed the chickens, and sometimes milk the cows; then in the evenings I have my sewing and knitting."

Throwing himself back in his chair with a sort of gasp, he said:

"Stop, child; you take away my breath."

Without noticing his interruption, she continued:

"There comes Brownie now to be fed and petted. Won't you come out and look at her? Uncle Meadowes is very proud of his stock, and says she is the finest cow in all the country round."

Arthur was horrified, but she looked so bright and lovely, and seemed to take his acceptance of her invitation so entirely as a matter of course, that he couldn't refuse.

Once outside, she led him a chase. Brownie was fed and admired; the poultry yard inspected; then her darling little ducklings down at the pond must be displayed. Goodness knows where next she would have taken him, had not the little wagon driven up just then, bringing Aunt and Uncle Meadowes, and, of all people in the world, May Norton. She sprang to the ground with an exclamation of surprise at sight of Arthur, but before any explanations could be given, Maggie carried her off.

May was greatly entertained at Maggie's half-amused, half-vexed account of Charlie's haughtiness and Arthur's impertinent patronizing airs, and promised not to betray her.

The party remained until the cool of the afternoon, then took Maggie off with them for the night. Mrs. Norton tried to coax her to stay a day or two, but "the week's baking had to be done, and Auntie couldn't possibly spare her."

After this, Arthur became a constant visitor at Rose Cottage, and there were walks and drives innumerable, sometimes with May and Charlie, but oftener with Maggie alone, for he grew gradually conscious of a strong feeling of interest in "that artless little fairy." He felt a sympathy for her too, growing up without education or accomplishments. True, her language was always pure and well chosen, her manner free from vulgarisms—not stylish and elegant, but refined; none other would suit her so well. He was quite happy in his efforts to awaken a taste for something beyond milking cows and feeding chickens; and he would read her choice specimens of literature, would talk to her of the world—his world, the balls, theatres, operas, and the like—to all of which she would listen with an expression of grave wonderment—an expression for all the world like that which a credulous child wears when listening to some glowing fairy tale.

Sometimes he would bring his flute and accompany her while she sang "Robin Adair," "John Anderson my Jo," or some other old melody with which she was acquainted—all knowledge of fashionable music seemed suddenly to have passed from her mind; and then, after much coaxing, he would play some operatic air, with wonderful trills and turns, to which she would delightedly listen.

He tried one or two attempts at love making, but with rather small success. She was too artless to understand. Only yesterday he had driven her down to the beach, and while sitting on the rocks, looking at the sea, had said, in his very best manner, "Maggie, do you know I love you?" and she had opened her violet eyes wide with surprise, and without a blush, or shade of embarrassment, answered:

"Why, of course you love me. Everybody does; even surly old Ben., the Squire's coachman."

He was puzzled to know how she contrived to resist his fascinations. He was an only son, of good family, handsome and wealthy, and had been courted and sought after until wearied; nine out of ten of the city belles he might have for the asking, and here this wee country lassie treated his love so indifferently. True, she knew nothing of life, and couldn't possibly understand how greatly she was favored, though he was at considerable pains to tell her. He was an honest, true-hearted fellow after all, but conceited, and somewhat spoiled by adulation. All he needed to set him right was a strong, hearty affection for some good woman, and this he was beginning to feel for winsome Maggie.

May and Charlie, who had been admitted into the secret, enjoyed the little play exceedingly. When they first joked Arthur about his devotion, and warned him that Maggie was quite charming enough to make flirting with her rather dangerous, he had been excessively amused. As the summer drew to a close, however, he took them into his confidence, telling of his love and his determination to win her—if he could. This last was said with considerable hesitation, and May threw up her hands, exclaiming:

"Arthur Vere have doubts about winning that wee country girl! Why, she would accept him, of course. But what will Mrs. Vere say? You know she counts on your marrying one of the Lester girls."

"Yes," broke in Charlie, "Arthur, my boy, wait until after that younger Miss Lester's coming out, any how, before you commit yourself. John Raymond, who is a connoisseur, you know, says she is a perfect little beauty. He met her in Boston, at her brother's wedding, this spring."

He was considerably annoyed at their ridicule, but was too much in earnest to be turned from his purpose by it.

Maggie too was beginning to realize that she loved, as she half confessed to May. True, Arthur was shockingly vain, but she knew there must be good and noble qualities hidden under his vanity, or shrewd Uncle Meadowes would not care so much for him. Then his manner was so gentle and winning, and his earnestness *now*, made her almost ready to forgive his former indifference; still she wouldn't yield just yet awhile.

Toward the end of September, Arthur received an urgent business summons to a distant city. The evening before his departure he called on Maggie, and in straightforward, manly fashion, asked her to be his wife. She was shy and agitated, but all he was able to win from her was a promise to answer when next they met. She "needed time to think." He asked permission to write, but she thought he "had better not." He was not very downcast, however, for when, at parting, he asked, "May I not hope?" she had blushingly answered, "If it will make you any happier."

He expected to be in Louisville only a fortnight, but the business was tedious, and, greatly to his disgust, detained him so long, that when finally settled he found he must travel day and night if he would see Maggie, and get to Philadelphia in season for the Lesters' ball, which he was pledged to attend, and which was to come off on November 20th.

He went up to the little cottage in fine spirits, eager for Maggie's promised answer. She was too pure and true, he decided, to have bade him hope, had she not meant to accept him, and without a shadow of doubt as to how it would end, he awaited her coming; but instead of Maggie, Mrs. Meadowes came to meet him, and told him that her niece had gone to the city with May and Charlie. He was sorely puzzled. May was to be the Lesters' guest for the winter, he knew; but what would she do with Maggie? Mrs. Meadowes was not inclined to be communicative, so he must manage his anxiety as best he might until he could see May.

He reached Philadelphia on the afternoon of the 20th, to find his mother anxiously expecting him. She was so afraid he would not arrive in time, and she had quite set her heart on making a match between him and that sweet little Miss Lester. She chatted away incessantly, giving him all the news, speaking frequently of May, but never once of Maggie. At length he asked, trying to speak carelessly, but signally failing:

"Haven't the Lesters had some young ladies from Jersey staying with them?"

Mrs. Vere was surprised at his manner, but knew him too well to notice it, so she simply answered:

"No one has been there but your old friend Miss Norton, and she remains some time yet, I think."

His mother was late that evening, and he was almost frantic with impatience by the time they reached the Lesters'. Once there, he lost no time in hunting up May. In reply to his eager questioning about Maggie, she told him:

"Before we talk about anybody else, let me take you to Maggie Lester, and I'll wager my solitaire against your bouquet that the sight of her will put to flight all memory of any other Maggie you ever knew."

There was no help for it. May was in a teasing mood, and he must submit.

She led him through the crowded parlors to the music-room, where Miss Lester was holding her court, and introduced Miss Maggie Meadowes Lester.

There was no need for explanations. Arthur understood it all. Scarcely conscious of what he was about, he led her away from the crowd. Maggie waited for no urging, but as soon as they were safe from observation, slipped her hand in his and whispered:

"Will you have your answer now, dear Arthur?"

Mrs. Vere was greatly surprised, a little later in the evening, when Arthur brought Maggie up to her and introduced his promised bride.

There was a grand double wedding in the spring at the Lesters', for Maggie coaxed Squire Norton into consenting that May's marriage should take place in Philadelphia, that each might officiate as bride's-maid for the other.

Arthur never fails to take Maggie once a year to visit the old couple at Rose Cottage.

HER LETTERS.

BY NATHAN D. URNER.

At last I have burned them, one by one,
And the precious leaves, which but yesterday
With love and passion seemed eloquent,
And strength to my soul in its weakness lent,
Are now but ashes gray.

How often above them I pored and pored,
And kissed with fervor the words they contained!
How often, when hushed from the world apart,
Those letters close to my beating heart,
With quivering hands, I strained!

Oh! false as fair! There was not a term
In the language of love she failed to use.
As if it were dipped in ambrosial streams,
Her pen fed with rapture my fondest dreams,
As the flowers are fed by the dews.

"Thine, thine only!" they always breathed;
"Thine forever!" they sweetly cooed;
Till fewer, and cooler, and cold as death
They grew, like the subtle and frosty breath
That strips the blossoming wood.

A parent's frown had at last prevailed—
I could see in the change a sterner hand;
But when at last came the bitter blow,
That my place was filled, none but *she* could know
How crushed I was—how unmanned.

And now, as her letters fade away
In quivering flame and wreathing smoke,
What would I not give, if as lightly from me
Could flicker and fade the memory
Of the cheating words they spoke!

* * *

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF THE "EVIL GENIUS," THE "WHITE TERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LI.

OLD GUMBO'S DISCOVERY.

Immediately after her arrival at Le Bocage, Hester had sent a note over to Mrs. De Lorme, inclosing the telegram from Raymond; and at an early hour on the following morning that lady came over with her daughters, when they came to attend their school.

Mrs. De Lorme inquired minutely into all that had been done with reference to Zulieme and her son, and in spite of Hester's artful coloring of motives for her lenity toward them, a feeling of dark mistrust arose in her mind for which she vainly chided herself. When the recital was ended, she said:

"If the woman was guilty, she should have been arraigned for the theft, and have borne the just penalty she had incurred. I cannot understand your anxiety to screen the name of Mrs. Blake at so great a sacrifice to yourself, for it is my belief that she is as deeply implicated in the robbery as Zulieme was. It is certainly something new in my experience, that a criminal is to be rewarded, in place of being punished."

Hester's face flushed, and her eyes flashed out their dangerous fire, as she almost scornfully replied:

"I have given up all hope that you *will* understand anything I may do, Mrs. De Lorme. Herbert Spencer appreciated my motives, and so far approved the course I determined on as to assist me in carrying it into effect. I have explained to you all that is necessary, and I think the less we discuss this matter, the better it will be for both of us."

"Really, Miss Landry, you assume a very high tone with me, considering our relations toward each other. It will be as well for you to remember that you are not my son's wife yet, and it is on the cards that you never may become such," was the haughty reply.

Hester, believing herself secure in her position, laughed insolently and defiantly:

"Try to separate us, Madam, and see what the result will be. I am as sure of Ray as if the church had already pronounced its blessing on our union. My bridal dress is preparing, and within twenty-four hours after his arrival here we will be married, in spite of any efforts you may make to keep us apart."

White with rage at this defiance, Mrs. De Lorme arose, and said:

"We shall see. The attempt at least shall be made to save my son from an alliance with a girl who has so little sense of propriety as to insult his mother in her own house. Good-morning, Miss Landry. I will trouble you to order my carriage, and also to send for my daughters, as I shall take them back with me to Oaklands."

Mrs. De Lorme haughtily rejected Hester's hypocritical apologies, and drove off with her two dismayed daughters, leaving Clarice in tears at the sudden rupture which had taken from her the young companions to whom she was becoming warmly attached.

To her and Miss Lyman, Hester made such explanations as threw the blame of what had occurred entirely on her late guest, and she wept while lamenting that dear Ray would come home to find that his mother had quarrelled with his betrothed wife.

The days passed over Hester's head in silent waiting and dreaming. There was but one drawback to her perfect contentment in the future opening before her, and that was the continued existence of Estelle Landry. If *she* were only out of the way, the only impediment to a legal union with De Lorme would be removed.

As if to remove the last cloud from her horizon, a letter came from Mrs. Muller, written, as she stated, on behalf of Mrs. Blake. In that Hester was informed, that soon after Macon's departure for the South, Miss Blake had been attacked by brain-fever, and after a few days' illness had succumbed to it, in spite of every effort made to save her life. She went on to give such minute details of all that had been done for the patient, and to describe the funeral, that the reader had not a doubt of the truth of her statements.

Wrapped up in her own fancies, Hester spent much of her time alone in the open air. She had not given up her northern habit of taking long walks, and she often went as far as the vine-clad cottage in which her childhood had been principally passed.

Since Mrs. Blake's hegira the place had been unoccupied, and the house had partially fallen to decay; weeds filled the yard, growing in such rank luxuriance as to overtop the ruinous fence, and the yellow jessamine which had been trained to screen the little gallery in front, had now wound its tendrils over the whole house, making a network of verdure and bloom, for the blossoms had come out already and hung in long wreaths of brilliant trumpet-shaped flowers over the desolation beneath.

Hester had a yearning desire to enter the cottage once more, but the fear of reptiles among the matted shrubbery prevented her from attempting it; but one evening when she had wandered thither, she saw that a clear path had been cut through the weeds to the house. Curious to ascertain why this had been done, she summoned courage to move forward and ascend the broken steps leading to the gallery. An opening had been made through the interlacing vines, and the accumulated dust seemed to have been carelessly swept from the floor.

Hester gathered her skirts from contact with it, and made a step forward, when she was startled by the ominious sound of a rattle, the meaning of which she understood too well. She hastily recoiled, and glancing through the semi-twilight made by the thick screen of verdure, she saw coiled in front of the door an immense rattlesnake, with his fiery eyes fixed on her, and his head erect, as if making ready to strike.

She uttered a faint cry, and a gray-haired negro rushed from the interior, seized the snake by the throat, and called out:

"Who dat dar? Can't I go nowhars 'thout being' follered? I's a mind to let de snake bite you, I has."

Hester instantly recognized the voice of old Gumbo, and she again stepped on the gallery floor, and confronted him as she angrily asked:

"What are you doing here, and who gave you leave to take possession of this house?"

"Fore de Lor' ef 'tan't Miss Estelle!" exclaimed the negro in apparent dismay. "You needn't be frighted, Missy, honey, for dis critter's got his pison tefe drawed out. He couldn't do nothin' but scare you, if he tried ever so. I come here to find out what's de meanin' ob de dreffle dreams dat's been sent to me 'bout—'bout— Well, you won't blaze out at me ef I tells you de trufe, Missy?"

Hester's curiosity was excited, and she said:

"No—not if I can help it. If you have anything to say in excuse for this trespass, speak at once, for I wish to get away from the vicinity of that horrid monster."

Gumbo caressingly patted the head of the writhing snake, and suffered it to wind its coils around one of his lower limbs, without any appearance of repulsion.

"Don't call him by sich ugly names, Missy, for he's my pet, an' he's monsous sensible. When I makes de spell, an' axes de questions, Zilfy—dat's his name—strikes his rattles ef de answer's yes, an' he lies like a dead log ef it an't."

"So you have been trying some of your African magic, it seems. Pray, what questions do you wish to have answered by such an oracle as that?"

"It's a question what consarns *you*, Missy, caze your father telled it to me tree times in a dream, an' I's sorry you come on me so, for 'tan't lucky for dem as breaks de spell de Obi man is weavin'. I dunno what de message meant, and I comed here to ax. He said de same ting every time he come to me, an' de words was dese: 'De hawk have robbed de dove o' her nest. Go to Miss Lorme an' tell her son to 'ware o' de talons o' de strange bird.' Now dat's what I come here to have terpolated to me, an' I hopes you won't be angry nor nuffin wi' me, Miss Estelle, caze I did what yer pa ordered me to."

For a moment Hester was breathless with rage and apprehension. She had a strong vein of superstition in her, and she bitterly thought that although the earthly fates had proved so propitious to her, the spirits of the air were wrestling against her, and through this ignorant old negro, were threatening her with the direst punishment that could now fall upon her. Such a warning as that, sent to Mrs. De Lorme in her present state of hostile feeling, would suffice, strangely as it came, to give form to such vague doubts as might already have found entrance into her mind. She threatened Gumbo with the most terrible punishment if he annoyed Mrs. De. Lorme with any such stuff, and to prevent him from resorting to further incantations concerning herself, she commanded him to kill his snake in her presence.

The old negro had listened to her outburst in a sort of dumb amazement, but he never removed his eyes from her scintillating orbs one instant, and when she had finished, he said, in a subdued tone:

"I has got de answer I axed for, an' I kin 'ford to choke poor Zilfy to def. He's old an' stupid, any how, an' I kin git a younger and spryer one in his place."

"What are you muttering there?" asked Hester fiercely. "Kill that reptile at once, and then follow me from this place."

The negro still held the reptile by the throat, and he now bent over it, muttered a few words in his native language, and the next moment a sharp knife was snatched from his pocket, the blade opened with his teeth, and a single blow struck off the head of the snake. He then followed Hester from the hut, muttering, with bated breath:

"You's a 'postor, dat's what *you* is, Hetty Blake. Dem eyes 'longs to *her*, an' to nobody else on dis yeth. I 'member dat berry look in 'em when you was a leetle gal, a cavortin' roun' an' gettin' inter all sorts o' mischief. But whar's my poor young mistis, an' what's come o' *her*, while de hawk have pounced down on her nest? I know now what de dream means, an' I'll mind what it tole me to do, even if I die for it. *Dat* scum yonder sha'n't rule ober de ole plantation, an' have things her own way, if I can 'vent it."

That evening, when Sylvia went to prepare Gumbo's supper, she found him silent and dejected. Yet, in spite of his wretchedness, his walk had given him a good appetite, and he did full justice to the supper that was set before him, though he remained obstinately silent, till a whistle from a steamer evidently descending the river was heard, and Sylvia joyfully exclaimed:

"Dat's for Marse Ray! I knowed he'd come afore de evenin' was gone! An' what a night it is! de moon is shinin' like day, an' to-morrer de sun 'll shine on de sweetes' bride to be foun' in de land."

Then Gumbo opened his oracular lips, and said:

"De Lord has heard my pra'r, an' de angel o' salvation is come. Ef he'd tarried longer, he'd a bin too late."

Sylvia thought the old man was going mad, but she had no time to inquire into the occult meaning of his words; she hurried from the cottage, and gained the river bank in time to see the steamer land, and to recognize the gentleman who stepped ashore as Raymond De Lorme.

CHAPTER LII.

OLD GUMBO'S REVELATION.

Raymond came up the bank with rapid steps, followed by his servant carrying his carpet bag, while half a dozen eager hands were ready to take charge of his heavier luggage.

With a heart beating tremulously, he passed on to greet, as he supposed, the bride from whom he had been so long separated.

The two ladies, with Clarice, had gathered on the front gallery to watch the approach of the steamer, and when Sylvia rushed up nearly breathless to say that Mr. De Lorme had come, and she had seen him, Hester said:

"I will go to meet him," and she darted swiftly down the steps.

With bounding pulses and triumphant joy she fled through the windings of the carriage road to meet her bridegroom. As Raymond passed through the gate, a flying figure threw herself into the arms that opened to receive her, and hers were wound around his neck, while she passionately exclaimed:

"My own! my love! my hero! how long and weary has been the watch your Estelle has kept for you!"

His emotion was too deep for words, but he held her in his strong embrace, and rained kisses on brow and lips.

At length he found voice to say:

"I have come to claim the troth plighted to me so long ago, Estelle, and I will brook no delay in making you publicly my own. I hope that all is in readiness for our immediate union."

"Yes, dearest," she softly replied. "My bridal robes are made. The priest is warned to be prepared to receive us at any hour after your arrival, and in the morning we will go to the chapel and be married again by the sacred rites of the church."

"But, Estelle, I expected to find all in readiness for that ceremony immediately after I reached this place. It is yet early in the evening. My mother, of course, is here to meet me; why then shall there be any delay in obtaining the sanction of the church for the vows we have already taken?"

Hester lifted herself from his arms, and in a tone of regret said:

"I am sorry to tell you that your mother is *not* here, and moreover that she has seen fit to take offence at something I said to her, and she has not been at Le Bocage for more than a week, neither will she allow the girls to visit Clarice."

"But what could you have said, my angel of sweetness and gentleness, to offend even so irritable a person as my mother? If she became angry, I am sure it was without sufficient cause."

"I did not mean to be guilty of any want of respect to *your* mother, you may be sure, Ray; but Mrs. De Lorme adores you to such excess, that I think she is bitterly jealous of the love you bear me. I can account for her treatment to me in no other way. I assure you that I apologized for my unintentional offence, and tried to conciliate her in every possible way, but she declared that she would move heaven and earth to break off the marriage between us."

He laughed bitterly, and said:

"This is pleasant news to greet me when I came with my heart overflowing with rapture to claim the bride that is already mine. I did not dream of having a conflict with my mother before I could realize the beautiful dream of happiness that has so long made its home in my heart. Since she is not here to welcome her wanderer to his native land again, I must, after a few hours' stay with you, go on to Oaklands, and make up this breach between you. I will not submit to defer having our union ratified by the church one hour longer than is absolutely necessary. At eleven to-morrow we will meet at the altar, in spite of every effort that may be made to detain me from you."

"Thanks, dearest love," murmured the accomplished hypocrite; "but it tears my heart to think that *I* may become the cause of estrangement between you and your mother."

"Give yourself no uneasiness about that," he replied. "I have fought many a good fight with her before to-day, and I generally came off conqueror," he said, as they came out before the house.

They had been moving slowly forward while this conversation went on, with De Lorme's arm encircling her waist, but now he dropped it, and the two approached the steps, walking at a quicker pace than before.

Clarice descended them to meet Raymond, and overcome by her emotions, she uttered a low cry and fell almost fainting on his breast.

"My little Clarice! my sweet sister, how much you have grown!" he exclaimed. "You were but a bright child when I went away, and now I find you almost a young lady in height."

Hester, seeing that Clarice might make a scene and cause Raymond to ask unpleasant questions, hastily brought forward Miss Lyman, who advanced to renew her acquaintance with De Lorme, whom she had met more than once in Newport, and the four went into the house together.

A bright wood fire burned on the hearth in the parlor, and all the lamps in the chandelier were lighted as if for a festival. Hester had felt a premonition that the arbiter of her fate would come that evening, and she wished him to see her under the brightest light, that she might judge if anything in her appearance suggested to him the deception of which he was to be made the victim. If he did not detect some discrepancy between her and Estelle Landry, she felt that henceforth she would be safe.

As they entered the circle of light, the two turned a lightning glance on each other. Hester saw that the boyish face the miniature represented had matured into something nobler in his year of travel, and she thought:

"If fate will only be propitious to me, and give me such a husband, I will try to be a true and loyal wife to him."

With love-lit eyes, De Lorme gazed down on her beautiful face, and softly said:

"My darling, you are wonderfully lovely. In all my travels I have seen nothing to compare with my enchanting Peri. Even the Madonnas of the great painters, and 'the statue that enchants the world,' would lose by a comparison with the living, breathing loveliness embodied in your person."

"It is my deepest happiness that you should think so, Ray. But since my head was so severely injured, my memory is strangely at fault in some things; but you will pardon what I cannot help, and assist me to regain the clue to much that I have forgotten. You will find me changed, I fear, Ray, but in heart I have always remained the same to you."

A slight paleness swept over his face, and a look of tender anxiety came into his eyes, as he earnestly replied:

"To me you will always be the brightest and best, and dearer for the sufferings you have passed through, than if no sorrow had touched you. But to-night we will cast sad memories to the winds. We are again reunited, and for the time being, that is happiness enough."

Miss Lyman, mindful that the lovers must have much to say to each other, took Clarice away with her, and left the two together.

They sat down on a sofa, and Hester, half reclining in the arms of her dupe, commenced weaving the spells by which she meant to make him her slave. She won from him the promise to return to Europe, after a few weeks' sojourn in his native land; and this Raymond more readily gave, because he inferred from what Hester said that the breach between herself and his mother was one that could not so easily be smoothed over as he had supposed.

The thought of becoming an object of contention between the two who were the dearest to him was so displeasing to him, that he could scarcely forgive his mother for bringing about so unpleasant a state of affairs by manifesting her unreasonable jealousy of the one he had chosen.

He was fascinated, enthralled by this bewitchingly beautiful creature; yet at moments he felt that his Estelle had changed much, to overcome her shrinking sensitiveness so far as to speak and look as this wily Vivien looked. Involuntarily he thought of the scene in Tennyson in which the sorceress tried her powers upon the sage, and hated himself for the comparison. "I should not quarrel with the love that has wrought this change," he thought, yet he marvelled, and was not exactly pleased to find his ideal love less reticent than he had thought her. He suddenly said:

"Do you know that to-night you remind me more of Hester Blake than ever before? Hitherto I have never spoken to you of that poor girl; but now that you know who she is, we may talk of her. In my boyhood I was much taken with her, but when I met you, my heart threw off its allegiance to mere outward beauty, and bowed before the incarnation of goodness and gentleness. I found you as rich in heart and mind as in personal charms, and I am afraid that cannot be said of your early rival."

Hester's heart almost ceased beating at these words, but she softly said:

"Ah, you only say that to flatter me. I have seen Hester Blake, and I assure you, from all I heard of her, that she would have proved worthy of any man's love if so sad a fate had not overtaken her."

"To what do you refer?"

"To her death; and I fear that it was caused by her devotion to my father and myself when we were thrown on her mother's kindness. I wrote to you an account of what happened at Blanton, and I am sorry to tell you that the news of Hester's decease reached me nearly two weeks ago."

"Poor girl!" he thoughtfully said; "but it was better for her, perhaps, to die thus in the path of duty, than to live such a life as she would probably have chosen. Now that I am older and better able to judge of character, I know that such a child as she was would, under *her* mother's guidance, develop into something as dangerous as attractive to most men. She had more of the syren about her than any creature I ever saw, and I cannot help wishing that the resemblance between you and Hetty Blake did not strike me so forcibly to-night."

Hester involuntarily clenched her hands, and extricating herself from his embrace and sitting up, she tried to speak lightly as she said:

"You will soon lose that impression, and think of me only as my own individual self. Do you know that it grows very late, and if you wish to see your mother to-night, and prepare her for what is to take place to-morrow, you must leave me now, ungracious as it seems to turn you out. I sent a messenger to Oaklands with the news of your arrival, and a horse is in readiness to take you over. Mrs. De Lorme is doubtless expecting you with impatience."

"Yes, I suppose I must go," said he, with reluctance. "After the sweet must come the bitter, and I must go to fight my battle with my mother. Remember, at eleven to-morrow our espousals are to take place; but I must have back the ring, Estelle, for without *that* no bride can be wedded in our family, as you already know."

"The ring!" she faintly repeated, and put her hand to her brow, as if bewildered. "I—I have forgotten to what you refer."

De Lorme regarded her in painful doubt, and hurriedly said, as he took her hand in his:

"Here it is, dear; but it fills me with alarm to find that your memory has proved treacherous as to its singular history. As soon as we can, we must get away to Paris, where you shall have the best medical advice to restore you to what you once were."

He removed from her finger a broad circlet of gold, which he mistook for the genuine ring, and went on speaking as he held it toward her:

"This ring was brought from Jerusalem by Sir Godfrey De Lorme, the first knight of our ancient family. He had it made there, and a fragment of the wood of the true cross is inclosed in it. With it he wedded his wife, and it has descended to the eldest son of the house through all these generations, with an injunction to wed no bride without this mystic symbol. Those who have ventured to disobey the command, have met with dire misfortunes and early death. When the Terror reigned in France it was lost, but again recovered, much to the joy of my grandfather, and he brought it with him to this country. My mother would never permit me to take a bride at all, unless I could produce the Crusader's ring with which to endow her with marital honors."

While he was giving this explanation, Hester recovered from her first perturbation, and with a winning smile, she calmly said:

"I had forgotten the legend attached to the ring, strange as it is. I have worn it constantly since it was placed upon my finger on the day of our betrothal, for to us that civil ceremony was nothing more."

While she spoke, with a tightening around her heart which threatened almost to suffocate her, De Lorme was examining the massive circlet, and trying to find a spring which would cause it to open on the under side, and display the talisman concealed in it. He suddenly exclaimed:

"This is not the ring!—and here on the inside I find engraved, 'J. M. to H. B.' Good heavens! what can this mean? Can you explain how this exchange has been made?"

For a moment Hester thought that all was over with her, but her subtlest instincts were aroused to baffle discovery, and she faintly said:

"When I lay insensible in Mrs. Blake's cottage my rings were taken off, that my hands might be rubbed without danger of hurting them. When I regained consciousness, and asked for them, they were brought to me, and I see that a mistake, whether intentional or not I cannot say, must have been made, and the betrothal ring of Mrs. Blake's daughter given to me in place of my own. Hester Blake was to have married Dr. Julian Macon, and those are his initials and hers. Oh, Ray! darling Ray, can you ever forgive me for such stupid forgetfulness as I have been guilty of?"

The clasped hands, her tearful eyes, touched him, and he gently said:

"My poor girl, how can I blame you for what you could not help? It was your misfortune, rather than your fault, that this has happened. But what is to be done now? It will be an outrage to my mother, if we go before the priest without the family ring; yet to defer our public union beyond the time I have named, will be to sacrifice our happiness to a mere chimera."

"Since you have wedded me once with it, there is no need that it shall be forthcoming now," said Hester, her courage rising to meet the emergency. "Mrs. De Lorme need not be told of this *contretemps*, and I will write to Mrs. Blake and demand the restitution of your family relic. I suppose she knew its history, and wished to keep it, for the sake of the talisman it contained; or the mistake may have been made by the stupid servant girl who waited on me. In either case, I have no doubt of my power to regain your ancestral ring, for Mrs. Blake is under deep obligations to me."

Raymond reflected a few moments, and annoying as it was to deceive his mother, he finally said:

"I think you take a common-sense view of the case, Estelle, and I will not speak of the loss of the ring to my mother, unless she should unluckily ask a point-blank question concerning it. If she does that, of course I must tell the truth; but you need have no fears as to the result, for nothing shall keep me from your side at the hour of the morning I have named. I will come hither, and conduct you to the chapel myself."

He kissed her tenderly, and a few moments later was galloping rapidly toward Oaklands.

After a swift gallop, during which he never permitted his spirited steed to slacken his pace for an instant, Raymond De Lorme came in sight of the home from which he had been so long absent, and he passed on like the wind till he drew rein at the gate opening upon the lawn which encompassed the quaint old house.

A light streamed through a window, the blind of which had been left open as a beacon to himself, and in that room he knew he should find his mother awaiting him alone.

Raymond dismounted, gave his bridle to the servant who was awaiting him, softly unclosed the front door, and turned toward the cozy little room in which his mother transacted all her business connected with the plantation. A bright fire burned on the hearth, and Mrs. De Lorme, in a dark merino dressing-gown, sat moodily beside a table, on which her elbow leaned, waiting, and wondering when her son would tear himself from the Circean spells of his new love, and seek her who had so long cherished him as the darling of her heart.

When he at length stood before her, she lifted her bowed head, and drearily said:

"It is you at last, Ray. I thought you would never come, and after being away from me so long, I did not think *any one* could keep you so long from your mother."

He impetuously threw his arms around her, and said:

"After being away so long, I scarcely expected to be greeted with a reproach in the first moment of meeting. Dear mother, give me a better welcome than that, for I am happy to embrace you once more—to return to the home from which I have so long been absent."

The tones of his beloved voice melted the ice that had been gathering around Mrs. De Lorme's heart, and she returned his embrace as tenderly as it was given. Her own voice trembled as she said:

"You cannot be as happy to return to me, as I am to have you near me again, my darling boy. You lingered long from me to-night, Ray; and to vex me, I have no doubt that Circe at Le Bocage used all her arts to keep you as long with her as possible."

"Mother," said Raymond reproachfully, "I never expected to hear you speak of Estelle Landry in such terms as those. You are unjust to her, for she it was who reminded me of the lateness of the hour, and said she knew that you were sitting up for me. She is my betrothed wife, and after being so long separated from her, was it not natural that I should linger near her in the first hours of reunion?"

In a tone almost of anguish, Mrs. De Lorme exclaimed:

"Oh, Ray! Ray! if that engagement could be broken! if I could induce you to pause before you seal your own misery by marrying that half-demented girl, I should feel as if I had snatched you from the brink of a precipice over which you would rush to your own destruction. She is not the being she once was. If you will take time to study her, you will discover that she is unsuited to you in every way. I only ask you for the present to defer your marriage. If you will consent to do that, you will have the opportunity to see for yourself that a union with Estelle Landry can only be productive of unhappiness to you both. O, Raymond, so deeply earnest am I, that I could kneel before you to induce you to pause in your haste to make yourself irrevocably miserable."

Mrs. De Lorme was weeping bitterly now, and the passionate earnestness of her tones touched her son deeply. She might be jealous of his love for her young rival, but she was deeply in earnest, and Raymond saw that she was thinking more of him than of herself.

He arose and paced the floor several moments, and then approaching her, looked down on her, and gently said:

"It is too late, mother, for you to oppose or for me to recede from this marriage, for Estelle Landry is already wedded to me by the laws of the land. Now that I have told you this, you will not refuse your blessing upon our union."

Mrs. De Lorme stared in his pale face with widely distended eyes and parted lips. At length she found voice to ask:

"When—where did such a marriage take place? and why has it been so long concealed from me?"

"I could not go to Europe without the certainty that I should find Estelle all my own on my return. When I went to bid her farewell, she was visiting a young friend who lived near the State line. We rode out together, and I persuaded her to cross it—to go with me to a magistrate, who united us without asking any troublesome questions. If her father had lived, this would never have been told, and as it is, I shall expect you to guard it as a sacred confidence."

Mrs. De Lorme rested her elbows on the table, and covered her face with her clasped hands. At that moment a faint tapping sound was heard on the glass of the uncurtained window, and turning swiftly toward it, Raymond saw a black face looking eagerly in, and making violent motions to him, which he could not comprehend. He angrily said:

"What can have brought one of the negroes here at this time of the night? and what can he have to say that could not have been deferred till daylight?"

Mrs. De Lorme raised her head, saw the face, recognized it, and hurriedly said:

"That is not one of our people. It is old Gumbo, a faithful servant of Armand Landry's, and I am sure he has come here to say something that is important. Go to the door, Ray, and bring him in. I feel as if something is going to happen to help me out of the wretched slough into which I have suddenly fallen. No common thing could have brought that old man here to-night, and—"

She paused, for her son was already gone in pursuit of the intruder, and the next moment he came back, followed by the trembling and excited negro.

Gumbo was talking in quick, though tremulous tones, and he seemed ready to drop down from fatigue, for the old creature had walked all the way from Le Bocage, and at the best he was far from being strong. As he came toward Mrs. De Lorme, he was saying:

"I—I has a *heap* to say, Marse Ray, an' I's resked my life to come here to tell you what I *knows*, though mebbe you'll think, caze I'm a darkie, I an't wurf listenin' to. It'll be wuss for you though, ef you won't mind my words."

"*I* will listen to them, and act on them, Gumbo, if my son refuses to do so," said Mrs. De Lorme with decision, for she felt a faint gleam of hope that *something*, as she said, was about to happen to give back her son to herself. "Come to the fire, old man, and sit in that corner while you tell your story. You seem almost worn out with fatigue. Ray, take the lamp, and get a dram for him from the sideboard in the dining-room; he looks as if he needs something to give him strength."

Raymond saw that the negro was trembling from weariness as much as from excitement, and without any hesitation he went on the errand assigned him by his mother.

He had no sooner passed through the door communicating with the dining-room, than Mrs. De Lorme eagerly said:

"It is something concerning your young lady that you have come here to tell. If my son should try to stop you, don't mind him, but go on, and I will protect you from his anger."

Raymond by this time returned with a glass half filled with brandy and water, and offered it to the negro, saying at the same time:

"This will brighten your ideas, and quicken your tongue, Gumbo, and as the hour is very late, we have not much time to give to you."

The old man drank the invigorating draught, wiped his lips on the back of his hand, glanced around as if to assure himself that no outsider was peering in on them, and then leaning forward with his hands upon his knees, said, in a mysterious whisper:

"Dat gal over yonder an't Miss El'nor's darter—*she* an't no young mistis o' mine."

Raymond thought the speaker had suddenly lost his wits, and he angrily said:

"How dare you come here with such a story as that? Do you know that you merit the severest punishment for even hinting such a slander?"

"*Thar*, I knowed it! I said to myself all along when I was a walkin' my feet mos' off to keep *you* from gettin' in a mess, dat you'd neber b'lieve me—dat you'd fly off in a passion when I tell'd you; but it's de trufe, Marse Ray, it's God's trufe, and it's you dat orter go an' find out what's bin did wi' Miss Estelle. *Dat* gal an't her, I'll take my Bible oaf on it."

In spite of himself, Raymond trembled at this, for possibilities arose before him that made him faint and heart-sick. He was speechless for a moment, and his mother quickly said:

"Tell your story in your own way, Gumbo, and we shall the sooner understand its bearing. If my son is so blinded as not to be willing to believe your statements, you will find in me a candid listener. I already know some things which give weight to your assertions."

Thus encouraged, Gumbo described the scene which had taken place that afternoon between Hester and himself, and his discovery, by the well-known expression of her eyes, that she was Hetty Blake.

"The negroes have been more acute than we," said Mrs. De Lorme, "with all our boasted superiority. Many things occur to me now, which prove to me that Gumbo is right. Zulieme and her son, and that unfortunate little Zelma, were sent away because they too suspected, or knew the fraud this creature was carrying on. Raymond, it is for you to follow up this clue, and regain your true betrothed. I shiver with horror when I think of what might have happened had this discovery been delayed but a day longer."

"Glory to God!" exclaimed Gumbo, clapping his hands, "den you b'lieves what I says, an' you'll bring back my mistis, an' put Hetty Blake down whar she 'longs. *She's* Hetty Blake. I's sure of it—*sure of it.*"

By this time Raymond could command himself to speak, and with effort he said:

"Something must be done; such a suspicion even must be met and set aside. I do not give implicit credence to your conjectures, old man, but I will take measures to set every doubt at rest before I marry this young girl. I do not wish her to suspect that you have been here to-night, and I must find some means of sending you back to your home before day dawns. I shall at a future day find means to reward you, if you have really rendered me an inestimable service. Come with me to the stable, and we shall find a horse there that you can ride. Turn him loose when you get to Le Bocage, and he will come back here by morning. That is the best I can do for you, and I think you understand that no one must suspect anything that has passed here to-night."

"Yes, sir; I knows dat well enough. Ef I tole a word, I'd be more feard fur my life den I is now."

The young man shivered, for Gumbo's words suggested to him possibilities that froze his blood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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—There is no great difference between man and man; superiority depends on the manner in which we profit by the lessons of necessity.

THE LOVER'S PICTURE.

BY LOUISE S. UPHAM.

Within a bower of roses bright,
Herself the fairest rose,
Sweet Margaret sat, a-dreaming dreams,
As day drew near its close.

The dimples in her rounded cheeks
Played hide and seek, the while
The tempting lips by happy thoughts
Just parted in a smile.

For was not this her lover's hour?
And this their trysting-place?
And all Love's beautifying thoughts
Were mirrored in her face.

The gay birds carolled overhead,
"Your love is late—is late!"
Just as his well-known, ringing step
Came echoing through the gate.

He caught the glorious picture there,
And shrined it in his heart;
Compared with this, how trifling seemed
The grandest work of art!

The sunset rays, in golden showers,
Fell 'round on every side,
As Reynold his fair Margaret clasped,
His pure and promised bride.

THE RED MARK.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Is this Mr. Rushton's?"

It was a handsome young man who asked this question—a stylish fellow, with plenty of light whiskers, and the latest style of tie and collar. And the girl who had opened the door for him, in that pretty country place where the richest people were not very fashionable, was not a servant, but a young lady—Mr. Rushton's only daughter herself.

"What a pretty little soul!" he thought.

Then, as she turned her head, he wondered for a moment whether somebody had just slapped her on the left cheek, there was such a singular mark there, exactly like the scarlet print of a palm and four fingers.

But that mark had been there all Fanny Rushton's life, and it was her one grief, her perpetual tease and torment. She had grown morbid about it in these early days of womanhood, and would willingly have been flayed alive to be rid of it. But there were no cosmetics and no arts of surgery that could remove it.

There the red slap must be as long as she breathed, its hateful scarlet attracting the first glance from every stranger.

"Mr. Rushton at home?" said Luke Robbins, with a bow.

"Yes," said Fanny.

Then she ushered Mr. Robbins into the parlor, and went away; and in a few moments the mill owner sauntered in.

It was a business call, though made not exactly in a business-like way. There had been some delay of a train, and the factory was closed when Mr. Robbins reached Mill Hollow; but those few words about woolen stuffs were easily said, and the confidential clerk of the New York firm of Rink & Hawley knew that the manufacturer was a man of strict integrity. The business was easily completed, and then Luke Robbins rose to depart.

"But you're put out of your reckoning by this delay," said the old gentleman, "and the hotel is a long way off, and I should be pleased to have you stay over night with us. The wife always has one or two spare bedrooms, and supper will be ready in fifteen minutes. Let us have the pleasure of your company."

"Thanks," said Luke Robbins. "You are very kind. I feel tempted."

Then he thought of the pretty face with the red slap upon the cheek. Despite that slap, he wanted to see it again.

It sat opposite to him at supper time.

"The best and kindest face in the world," he said to himself a dozen times. And he did his best to win a little chat from the shy girl, who could not forget her tormenting mark until they sat in the twilight on the piazza afterward. Then he discovered that she could talk. As it grew dark, and the crickets chirruped in the hedges, she grew merrier and merrier.

Mrs. Rushton had a call from some neighbor, and sat apart conversing.

Mr. Rushton, after many amiable attempts to rouse himself, went soundly asleep.

Through the evening shadows Luke saw the girl's finely cut profile and exquisitely shaped head; and the moon turned all to black and white soon, and blotted out the red mark. And he sat as close to her as he dared. And her robin-sweet voice charmed him; and what she said was bright and fresh, and he fell in love, as men do, for an hour.

Men actually *do* fall in love for an hour. Women cannot do that. They pretend to be fascinated very often, but it is real or nothing with them at heart.

Poor little Fanny gave away her heart that night in one whole lump. It is always best to keep a little piece, if one can; but sometimes that is impossible.

"Oh, what a beautiful night!" said Fanny, as she stood on the porch with her mother after the gentlemen had retired. "Such a fine breeze, and such a bright moon."

"The musquitoes do bite so dreadfully though," said the mother, "and it's quite damp. We'd better retire. I wonder whether your pa will be suited with to-morrow's breakfast. He does ask visitors *so* unexpectedly."

Married forty and single twenty take different views of life sometimes.

Fanny went to bed to dream of Paradise; and the next day was all happy in memory of a parting pressure of the hand, and a whispered hope that they might often meet again.

"What a pity that mark is," thought young Robbins. "She's a darling little thing. And I suppose that Rushton is a very rich man. A young man might do worse than be his son-in-law." Then, as the car whirled him away, he said to himself, "What a pity that mark is."

Nevertheless he went down to Mill Hollow very often after that, and he was with Fanny a great deal of the time. Fanny's mother felt that though this suitor was not rich, he was eligible; and she knew that that red mark was a disadvantage to her Fanny. Fanny's papa was an honest, kindly old man, who loved his daughter dearly.

Alone together the old people spoke of the probabilities.

"He certainly means something," said mamma.

"And they could always live with us," said papa; "we need never part from our only one."

Our eyes grow used to everything after a while. Luke Robbins forgot that there was any mark on Fanny's face, unless something particularly called his attention to it. At Mill Hollow every one knew Miss Rushton, and no one stared at the sweet blemished face.

He loved her very much at times, though there were long hours in which he never remembered her existence. I suppose none of us ever quite believe that the men we are fondest of work us into their bargaining and ledger keeping, as we work them into our sewing and preserving. If he only thinks of you after dark, you are a happy woman. If he takes your memory out with his dress coat and evening tie, consider yourself blessed.

Twice a week, at least, Luke thought enough of Fanny to buy her a bouquet, or some music, and to spend two hours on a dusty railroad for the sake of seeing her.

He felt her love for him in her very finger tips; he saw it in her eyes; he heard it in her voice. He was a man who is happy in being beloved. And it was not old Mr. Rushton's money that made him decide to offer himself to her, despite the red mark.

Yes, the next time he went to Mill Hollow he would ask Fanny to have him for better or for worse. And he knew that she would say "Yes" very well.

There are evil moments in every one's life—moments that change one's destiny for the worst. If only it had rained one morning; if only Fanny had fallen ill; if only she had not undertaken that trip to the city just when she did, this would be a different story.

She used to be shy of going into the crowded streets alone, and even when with her mother wore a thick vail, and felt uncomfortable when any one looked at her. But now she cared nothing for strangers' eyes. Somehow her blemished face had found favor in his. Had he not told her how sweet her eyes were? Had he not kissed her hand? Was she not sure he loved her—her most perfect of all living men? Let them stare. The prettiest girl living was not so happy.

She went smiling down to the city. She made her little purchases with a light heart. And then, whiling away an hour of waiting over a strawberry short-cake, in a pretty restaurant, she saw Luke Robbins—yes, really Luke himself coming to meet her!

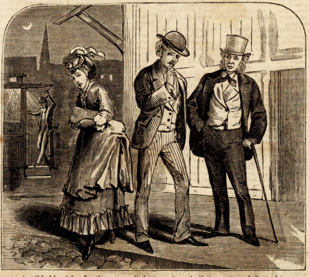
"Looks as if some one had slapped her in the face," said a giggling girl's voice.

And he turned his head as he sat at a table, and saw her, and went to her at once.

"Oh, I'm so glad to meet you," said Fanny. "I suppose I ought to start at once."

"And I'll go with you," said Luke Robbins.

He saw people stare at her as they passed down the room. Part of the staring was at the mark, part of it at the pretty face and figure. He laid it all to the mark, as she had all her life. It made him uncomfortable. But that his thoughts of her were what they were, it could not have affected him; but his future wife, as he already thought her in his heart, that was different. He grew very grave. It was a terrible blemish. In those moonlight lovers' walks in the country, he had forgotten all about it, but in bright Broadway how it forced itself upon him! Every one stared so.



In the stage which they soon stepped into, a little child opened its round eyes, and with a child's innocent impertinence, pointed its finger straight at the mark on Fanny's face, with an,

"Oh, how funny!"

Its nurse slapped the small palm at once, and turned scarlet herself, but that did not mend matters.

At the ferry there was a crowd. Luke had passed Fanny in first, and stopped to pay the fare.

"Two," said he.

"The old lady?" asked the man.

"No," said Luke.

"Oh, that one with the red scar on her face," said the man, lowering his voice. "All right."

"Confound you!" said Luke, in a rage.

But the man had meant no rudeness, nor had Fanny heard him; but Luke was excited, confused, agitated. He hardly knew why then.

They crossed the ferry together, and he spoke no word to her, nor she to him. He handed her into the cars. Then he pressed her hand.

"Good-bye, until we meet," he said, and stepped to the platform.

There stood one of those white-bearded, red-cheeked old gentlemen who are always members of clubs, who are always fast, to a certain degree, and who affect to be "judges of women" in a way that is insulting to every woman, since it places her on a level with wine and horses, having nothing whatever to do with anything but her personal attractions.

"Ah, how de do?" said this old gentleman, grasping Luke's hand. "Glad to see you, my boy. Doing the gallant, I see. No relation?"

"No," said Luke.

"Thought not," said the old gentleman. "We let our sisters and cousins take care of themselves, for the most part. Pretty figure rather; good step; but confounded ugly red mark. A man wouldn't like that—eh, Luke?"

"No," said Luke; "a man wouldn't like it."

Something rustled at his elbow.

"I—I left my parcel, Mr. Robbins," said a cold little voice. Fanny stood there, so pale that the mark looked pure scarlet. "Thanks. Don't trouble yourself."

But he went back to the car with her, and he would have pressed her hand once more, only she kept it from him somehow.

She had heard his speech, "A man wouldn't like it." She had heard the speech that caused his answer. And I leave you to judge, remembering how she loved him, what her feelings were.

"She heard me," said Luke to himself. "She heard him—confound him."

And as he looked after the flying car, two tears came into his eyes. They trickled down upon his cheeks; he wiped them away. Suddenly he felt that he loved Fanny Rushton from his soul—that this cowardly sort of trouble that the remarks and glances of strangers had caused him would never make him ashamed of himself again.

"Fanny, my darling," he said to himself—"Fanny, my love, your face is dearer to me for its blemish, and you shall know it before I sleep. You should, were you a beggar. I'll hide it from the world's cold eyes on my bosom, darling; and I'll love you all the more for it." And but for the place in which he stood, he would have sobbed aloud in his agitation.

He took the next train to Mill Hollow. He walked up the garden path in the twilight. He asked for Miss Fanny.

"She hasn't come in yet," said the servant. "They are so frightened about her—master and missus—but I tell 'em she'll turn up all right."

Luke's heart stood still. A presentiment of evil filled his mind. He had seen Fanny into the car, and the train stopped within sight of her father's door. So, in the gathering darkness, two anxious men went down to the depot, hoping against hope.

"She stepped out on the platform suddenly. Either she was bewildered, or she did it on purpose. We were going full speed. She had a blue dress and a white hat, and there's a red mark on her face. They'll know her by that."

That was the conductor's story. That was the story that Luke and Fanny's father heard at last.

Did she step out on purpose, or was she "bewildered?" God only knows—no living being. Luke tried to believe that what she had heard him say had had nothing to do with it. But it was too late now to tell her what he felt—too late to hide her sweet face on his heart. He could only stoop over her, as she lay in her coffin, and press the last kiss his lips ever offered to any woman upon the cold cheek that, even in the death hour, bore still upon it that fatal red mark.

Woman's Devotion.

There is nothing in the world like the beautiful devotion of a woman to the sick. She feels no toil, nor pain, nor timid terrors. If she have grief she hides it, lest it add one feather's weight to the afflictions of her charge. Her courage rises as her hopes recede. The grim spectre that hovers and threatens may appall her, but she gives no sign. Her eye is clear and gentle; her voice soft and sweet as the breath of summer; her touch so tender that the simplest kindly office soothes like a caress. The dawn of her smile chases away suffering, as light dispels the mists of the universe. There is balm in her very presence. Her delicate instinct teaches a thousand arts of comfort and consolation which experience might study in vain. There is a wisdom above science in her loving heart. She knows no sacrifice—wonders if you speak of any. She is calmest at times when men yield to a turbulent sorrow. She chains her emotions with her sense of vigilant duty. In her weakness she is stronger than the strong. This mastery of self—this purity of devotion—this eager and unsleeping watchfulness—this radiant reflection of hope and trust—this outpouring of all that nature, lofty and true, can lavish—do they not mark the noblest heroism of humanity? From woman life comes; she feels that it is hers to guard it. How well will she not guard it!

SCIENCE.

A very good recommendation was made by Mr. F. Galton, in his address before the Geographical section of the British Association, at a late meeting. The maps of the Ordnance Survey of Great Britain, which are among the best in the world, are very difficult to obtain, owing to the inconveniently large size of the paper on which they are printed, and the fact that it creases when bent, by reason of which booksellers will not keep them for sale. Mr. Galton suggests that these maps be issued in quarter sheets on thin paper, folded pocket-size, and sold, for a reasonable sum, at all the principal post-offices. As the work of making the maps is executed by the government, there seems to be no good reason why it should not diffuse among the people the valuable knowledge acquired at so much labor and expense. It is a matter of congratulation that the Ordnance Survey has had charge of the topographical exploration of the Holy Land.

The difficulty of distinguishing one light-house from another, under the present system of light-houses, is well-known and leads to many disasters, as was pointed out by Sir William Thomson in one of the debates at the recent session of the British Association. He said that even the revolving lights so extensively in use are inadequate to prevent error, and proposed the use of flashing lights, the flash being of longer or shorter duration, the short and long flashes representing the dot and dash of the Morse telegraph alphabet. By this means each light-house could constantly signal its own letter, and thus would readily be distinguished by mariners. Such a system is now regularly in use for night signalling in the British navy.

A remarkable atmospheric phenomenon is described by the correspondent of the *Levant Times* at Bucharest, as having occurred in that city at a quarter past nine on the evening of the 25th of July last. The day had been hot, with an unclouded sky. At about nine o'clock a small cloud made its appearance on the horizon, and in fifteen minutes rain began to fall, consisting, however, not of water, but of small black worms about the size of the common fly. This horrid shower lasted long enough to completely strew all the streets with these creatures. Whether any were preserved for scientific examination, we do not know.

Several laboratories of chemical and physical science, under the direction of foreign instructors, are now in existence in Japan; among them, notably, that at Fukuwi, under Professor W. E. Griffis, an American. This is a school of chemistry opened about a year ago. Sixty students are in daily attendance on lectures, and twelve are actually engaged in laboratory practice. There are three German schools in three provinces respectively, and another is soon to be opened at Yeddo, the capital. A German professor at Osaka has nearly one hundred pupils. The Japanese are fond of Natural Science, and display considerable aptitude as students.

The dolmens of Algeria are table-like stones supposed to have been erected by the Druids for use as altars. General Faidherbe, of the French army, has just written a paper to show that this supposition is incorrect, and that they are in reality nothing but tombs. He has examined a great number of them, and thinks that those in Europe and Africa were built by the same race—a people which emigrated from the North. In opposition to this view is the fact that no dolmens or like monuments are found between Scandinavia and the Caspian Sea, where lies the route along which emigration proceeded southward.

A violent explosion occurred in the sun on the 7th of July last, as we learn from a communication to *Les Mondes* by Father Secchi, the eminent Italian astronomer. He describes the internal movements of the incandescent vapors as so intense that the luminous clouds were seen to change form rapidly, and they attained a height six times as great as the diameter of the earth. The duration of the eruption was about two hours. Auroral displays were witnessed on the same day at Madrid and in many other parts of Europe.

A curious statement concerning ancient astronomy was made by M. Oppert at the recent meeting of the Belgian Prehistoric Archæological Society. He seeks to show, by an elaborate series of chronological observations, that on the 29th of January, according to the Gregorian calendar, in the year 11,542 before Christ, an important astronomical observation must have been made by some oriental nation—a fact which indicates the existence of an advanced civilization at a period anterior to historical records.

The destruction of a lightning conductor at Wetterer, in West Flanders, is described in the sixth number of the Bulletin of the Royal Academy of Belgium for the current year. The account authorizes the inference that lightning conductors may become sources of much danger, unless they are made with great care, and tested prior to use with weak electric currents and a galvanometer.

The red color sometimes observed in white lead, and usually attributed to the presence of silver, is shown to arise from defective manufacture, in a memoir on the subject published by a Berlin chemical journal.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BUCKSKIN (Salt Lake City) says: "I have been a constant reader of your valuable paper for the last four years, and for the first time come to you for advice. My case is this: Not long since, I called upon a young lady with whom I have been going for some time, and asked her to accompany me to church. She consented, and told me to call for her at half-past seven. I got to her house at twenty minutes past six, and her mother told me that a gentleman and lady of our acquaintance had just called for her to go to church, and that she had gone, but left word for me to come, and she would meet me there. I went, but not with the intention of going home with her. When services were over, and we were leaving, I met her at the door, or came very near it at least, I being a little in advance. She touched me on the arm, and beckoned for me to wait. I would not do it, but left her to get home as best she could, and since then have avoided her altogether, as I intend to do in the future. Now what I want to know is this: Did I do right, under the circumstances?" You have been a little too hasty. The young lady may have had necessary and unexpected business requiring her to leave earlier than she expected, and she meant no insult, as would appear from her leaving the message, and touching your arm at the door. She appears to have acted in good faith, and you gave her no opportunity of explaining. Nice girls ought not to be thrown off lightly in Salt Lake City. We should think they must be at a premium there.

IDA W. (Unionville) says: "Like so many others, I come to you for advice; do not refuse to give it, please. About four years ago I became acquainted with a young man, to all appearance moral and good, and in due time we became engaged to be married; but I soon learned from a friend living in the same city with him that I had been deceived; that he not only became intoxicated but gambled, and associated with the dissolute of both sexes. Though it nearly brake my heart I returned his ring and letters. He did badly for a while after, but has lately reformed, or professes to have; and now, confessing all his faults to me, asks me to renew the engagement, and be married in a year from this time. I love him as dearly as ever, but still feel afraid to trust him, as he has deceived me once. What shall I do? accept him and take the fearful risk, or refuse and try my best to forget him? I am almost sure he will fall back into his old ways if I refuse. Please answer this soon, as I must decide one way or another. I have no father or mother to go to." We are sorry for you, in so trying a predicament; but we see no obligation under which you lie to settle this now. He has no right to bind you up, after what has happened. If the marriage, in any case, would not be for a year, why not let him be on trial in effect, during that time? He cannot wonder that you should take time to be reassured.

INQUIRER (Cadiz, Ky.) says: "You have kindly answered several questions for me, and as I have been in all cases greatly benefited by your advice, I come to you again. I am nearly twenty years old, and have been waiting on the ladies for several years, often accompanying them to church; and when I do this, am so embarrassed that I hardly know what to do. In other things I am never embarrassed, having plenty of self-confidence; but can make a speech or pray in public more easily than go in church with a lady and find a seat. Please tell me how I can do this gracefully, as I am sure I appear awkward." We cannot suggest a specific for this embarrassment. It is not, however, at all necessary that you should become graceful in escorting ladies to church. If you and a lady go there "deeply concerned" about how you look, it is probable it would be equally edifying to stay at home, and the exercise of your gifts in praying and speech-making before the lady in private would at once work off your timidity and awkwardness, and be as profitable to her as flirting at church. On the other hand, if you go to church for the purposes for which "church" is open, you will not be much exercised about your gracefulness, or the reverse. The "grace" most needed in church is of another kind than you think of.

C. F. (Tontogany, O.) writes: "In your correspondence, several times, the question has been asked, Can Canada thistles be killed? and I have seen no answer. Now, Mr. Editor, I know they can be killed, and without expense. I have spent considerable time in finding out the secret. I think there is money in it, and think you are the man to make it. What I propose is this: that you try my method, and if you find it no humbug and are willing to undertake the enterprise, I will give you half that we can make. Trusting to your honor not to divulge the secret without permission, I give the simple method. You can try it on thistles, and I think on any other plant, with entire success. Pour on the plant ——— ———. Mr. Editor, please try the above, and let me know what you think about it, and what you will do. I have tried it on many plants, during the past two years, with entire success." It is not a thistle-killing compound that is needed where this young man lives, so much as something that will kill fools. If anything of the latter kind is ever discovered in his neighborhood, we advise him to leave immediately.

MARY (Pleasant Valley) gives a touching story, containing so much philosophy and so much pathos, we do not withhold it from our readers: "Please say to A. D., and to others who are asking you for an antidote to drunkenness, that I have heard, or read of a poor afflicted wife who had a drunken husband, who cured him of his intense longing for drink by giving him strong hot coffee at the very hour every day when his longing for rum was most intense. He told her about what time the rum-fever came on, and was willing to have her try her remedy. She was a poor, sickly woman, overburdened with work herself, but no matter what the work or weather was, she would walk a long distance with the coffee and a light digestible lunch, and give it to her husband, who was a carpenter, just when he needed it most, and the boss carpenter would give him time to eat and drink it—won over by the tearful persuasions of his loving, patient wife; and she was rewarded by his complete reformation, after continuing this practice for several months."

JUVENAL (Baltimore) says: "Will you be kind enough to inform me whether the word Auriscope in Beecher's excellent article on Trees, 7th instant, is correct? Should it not have been Aurascope; or would not Aurameter be more comprehensive? The following may interest your numerous subscribers: I possess a silver coin dated 1607, of the value of about $1.37, but for convenience of calculation say $1. Whoever will tell me what it would have amounted to at six per cent. interest, compounded annually, can have the same at one five hundred thousandth part of the amount." When Mr. Beecher makes words, he passes out of the region of criticism. It is a free country, and they who can improve on his coinage have perfect liberty. But they will find it hard to get his circulation. We print your proposal, but instruct the competitors to communicate directly with you. We are interested in the currency of 1872. Please, therefore, to engage a box at the Baltimore post-office for "Juvenal."

A MEMBER says: "On the 23d inst. the United Social and Political Club of the Twenty-first Ward disagreed on a trivial matter, and was thrown into confusion. The President vacated the chair. The Vice-president succeeded him. The confusion increased. When, at the end of half an hour the Vice-president could not preserve order, he declared the meeting adjourned. Some of the members say he had no right to adjourn the meeting. Did he have such a right?" When a meeting is in hopeless confusion, we think anybody that can do it has a *prima facie* right to send the members home. Further than this we will not go. The *Ledger* does not throw itself into the great political struggles of the country. It declines, therefore, to speak authoritatively on this contest in the Twenty-first Ward.

G. HARRISON (Philadelphia) says: "In Dickens' novel, 'Our Mutual Friend,' one of the characters, old Mr. Harmon, is represented as having made a large fortune out of *dust*, and as having his whole property deposited in his back yard, in the shape of dust heaps. Will you be so kind as to inform me how a fortune could have been made out of such a commodity, and what kind of dust is referred to?" If you will visit New York, you will see an important business is carried on in searching out the valuables of the dust-carts, as they are flung upon a lighter at the East River; and if you lived in New York, you would often wish that there were more of the dust submitted to this scrutiny. We have not read "Our Mutual Friend," but we presume Mr. Harmon was engaged in this business.

LAURA M. (Albany) inquires: "Is it proper at all times to address a married lady by her husband's name? for instance, Mrs. Charles Wright; or by her maiden name, Mrs. Hattie Wright?" If there is no Mrs. Wright older than the one you address, it is sufficient to address her as Mrs. Wright. If you want to distinguish her from some other Mrs. Wright, you address her as Mrs. Charles Wright. You have no need to use her own Christian name, except in legal documents, or when she is a widow, though even then the husband's name is retained, and very properly, except in formal documents.

A SUBSCRIBER at Oak Farm says that he was engaged to a young lady and she died, and now he has lost all his property, and he wishes to know what he should do. He is twenty-six years old, and has a good profession, but feels very despondent. He should bear up under his affliction with fortitude and with Christian resignation. As to the loss of his property, energy, industry and economy will soon make that up. A young man should be ashamed to despond for such a reason, in this country, where the openings and opportunities are so numerous that it is one's own fault if he does not succeed.

RURAL desires us to furnish to him the *form* of a letter to be addressed to the parents of a young lady, requesting their consent to his marriage with their daughter, for whose hand he is already an accepted suitor. The natural expression of what he has to say is all the formality that he needs; but his better way is to call upon the parents of the lady and make his request of them orally. He has no occasion to feel any embarrassment about it.

MABEL (Cincinnati) says: "A lady visits an intimate acquaintance residing in the country, taking with her some choice fruit. Is it proper for the lady receiving it to place the gift upon the dinner-table? Should she reserve it until the guest departs?" It is entirely optional with her to put it on the table, or to reserve it until after her visitor leaves; but if she has no other fruit for dinner, it would be more polite to put it upon the table.

AUGUSTA (Georgia) says: "Will you please do several of your subscribers the kindness to let us know, through your valuable paper, who or what Generals in the United States Army have held the rank of Lieutenant-General, and if Washington ever held that title?" Washington, Scott, Grant and Sherman respectively held the rank of Lieutenant-General in the United States Army, and Sheridan now holds it.

M. H. S. (Otsego, Mich.) writes: "I have been corresponding with a young lady at the West, and she is coming out here. Please tell me how to entertain her when she comes." Trust to your own wits to suggest to you how. If you have been able to write, you can probably talk to her.

CHARLEY (Chicago) says: "I have read, with much interest, your answers to 'who was Enoch's mother?' and 'who was Cain's wife?' and being very ignorant of Scripture history, I forthwith applied to the book of Genesis for further information. I find there that Cain and Abel were the only children born to Adam previous to Abel's assassination; no daughters being mentioned till after the birth of Seth. Now what puzzles me is, where Cain got his wife. He had a wife at the time of his brother's death, the latter part of the same chapter tells me, in which it is positively asserted that there were only two children, both sons, born. But where did she come from? Is it meant to imply that there were other inhabitants of the earth from among whom he obtained a wife? I must confess that I am completely at a loss to understand it. I hope you will give me the benefit of your penetration and good sense, and you'll greatly oblige a brainless wight." It is not believed that there were other races of men on the earth; and it is not said in the chapter that Cain and Abel were the *only* children of Adam and Eve. They were the only children with which the narrative was concerned in illustrating, by this first murder, the effects of Adam and Eve's having yielded to temptation. The marriage of Cain and Abel to sisters, when there were no other women, and when there was of course no sentiment, and no public opinion on the subject, and when the evil would not follow that would afterward attend such an arrangement, was the only way of constituting families.

CITIZEN says: "Being a subscriber to your paper for the last year and a half, I take the liberty of asking you the following question. I have asked a number of people, and they cannot give me any definite answer, so that I am forced to have recourse to you. My father came to this country at the age of seventeen, fought through the Mexican war, and after living here twelve years, and becoming a citizen, returned to his native country—Switzerland. He married there, and I was born in Switzerland. When I was two years old, my father again emigrated to this country. What I want to know is this: Am I a native American, and do I want any papers of citizenship? I shall become of age on the 29th of November. Am I entitled to vote at the next election?" If your father did not renounce his American citizenship when he went to Switzerland, but lived there as a citizen of the United States, you are entitled to consider yourself a native American just as much as you would have been had your parents returned to this country before you were born. As the Presidential election comes on the fifth of November, and you will not be of age till the twenty-ninth of that month, you will not be entitled to vote.

CLUB says: "A young gentleman in 'Ours' contends that 'Voltaire' was a name assumed by the great French writer after he had been horsewhipped by some nobleman's servant, by order of the nobleman. Is this so? If so, what was 'Voltaire's' true name, and what was the name of the nobleman by whose order he was horsewhipped? We have agreed to abide by your decision. Please answer, through the columns of the *Ledger*, and restore peace to our Club." Voltaire's name was *Arouet*. He changed it to Voltaire after coming out of prison, saying, "I have done very badly with my first name, I should like to see whether this will succeed better." Whether he was whipped or not, he would seem to have frequently deserved such treatment, for he was bad enough; but the assault of the Chevalier de Rohan Chabot, by his servants, came later, was unwarrantable in the highest degree, and was basely followed up by mean evasion of the consequences. Voltaire was to be pitied in that affair. We must give every man his due.

NETTIE H. says: "I am a young lady eighteen years of age, and have met a young man in company to whom I was introduced, and we became friends. Our friendship ripened into ardent love. No one knows of our attachment, our courtship having been carried on by correspondence, as his profession takes him from home the greater part of his time. Some time since I was surprised to learn that he drank, and was in every way unfit company for a lady. Imagine my feelings on hearing this. I ceased the correspondence, but I cannot quit thinking of him. What shall I do? Love on, and hope for a reform, or try to not think of him, which I cannot do, for I love him passionately. Please advise me, for I have no one else to go to for advice, and I rely implicitly on yours." We are sorry for you; but we advise you to abandon an engagement that could only produce misery to you. You can do it the more easily from your relation to each other being unknown to others.

A. M. F. says: "Will you please inform me, as soon as possible, what constitutes a release from an engagement of marriage? Do you not consider an engagement broken when the lady applies to the gentleman and receives a verbal release, and the gentleman takes the engagement ring from the finger of the lady and keeps it, he having put it there himself? And can he sue for breach of promise afterward to any effect? Please give me your opinion of a 'big long man' suing a young lady for 'breach of promise of marriage.' I think it pretty small business. Don't you?" Such a release would cancel the engagement. We do not differ from you in opinion as to the propriety of a man suing a woman for breach of promise of marriage, although he may have the *legal* right to do it. He would not be likely, however, to recover heavy damages. We have known of several such suits, but we never knew a man to recover over six cents damages.

A TROUBLED WIFE writes: "I am just sixteen years old, and have been married for a year. My husband professes to love me dearly; but he has quite a large family of relatives around him, on his side, which is the foundation of my trouble. As soon as I utter a word about his relatives, he commences to quarrel; but they are really heart-breaking. He has been living with his sister before he got married, and now he thinks he can live with her again. Whenever we do quarrel he says, if I don't like it I can go. I am from a very good family, and certainly have got a good mother and father to go to in a large city, but only for shame sake. If any man loves a woman the way he says he does, I think he ought to cast his folks aside, because I love him dearer than my own life." If you love him more than your own life, probably you might make a little more effort to get on peaceably with his relations.

CLIFTON says: "I have been waiting on a young lady two years. I love her, and think my love is returned. My trouble is this: There is another young man, an enemy of mine, who visits her also, and tells her things against me which are not true. I told her, recently, that if she went with him I would not go with her any longer. Three evenings afterward she was with him again, but she treats me the same as ever. What shall I do? I love her, and at the same time when I say a thing I like to live up to it." That is a good rule—live up to what you say. The young lady evidently prefers your rival. Otherwise, if she believed you would keep your word she would not have gone with him after you had warned her of the consequences.

HAMILTON says: "Will you please say, in your answers to correspondents, what is a *Credit Mobilier*, or what is meant by the term, and oblige several readers?" The *Credit Mobilier* was a banking scheme originally sanctioned in France, November, 1852, and intended to raise and advance money on *movable* property, as distinguished from the *immovable* contemplated by the *Societies de Credit Foncier*. It raised money by debentures, and aimed to lend money to those who improve movable property, as other banks lend to those who have land as security. The plan is complicated, its wisdom has been controverted, and the strife is not yet at an end. There have been in other countries imitations and modifications of the original French method.

J. W. (Griffin, Ga.) writes: "There is a very excellent young man of my acquaintance who for several years paid me his undivided attention, and finally asked me to marry him, mentioning an early date for the marriage; but I told him that I was very young, and could not marry at the time mentioned. He went off, and though we promised to be good friends, he has not been back to see me but once since. Now what would you advise me to do in order to let him know that I did not mean to refuse him, only to put off a little longer the date of marriage?" You can tell him so.

J. FRANK (Lynchburg, Va.) says: "Some time since I wrote you for the dimensions of the *Great Eastern*, and have not been favored with the reply so confidently expected. It is a matter of dispute with prominent parties." We hasten to reconcile, we hope, the high disputing parties. The *Great Eastern* is in length, between the perpendiculars, 680 feet; length on deck, 691 feet; extreme breadth, 83 feet; depth of side, 58 feet; draught of water 20 to 30 feet; gross tonnage 22,500; screw-engines of 1,600 horse power, and paddle engines of 1,000 horse power.

SIX CHILDREN say: "Please answer our question in the next *Ledger*, if convenient. Our father has property amounting to about forty thousand dollars. Two years ago our mother died. Father has married again. Should he die without making a will, would his present wife have any share of his property, and if so, what share?" She will be entitled to the same share to which your mother would have been entitled had *she* survived your father. She will have her dower in the real estate.

A. M. S. (Tracy City, Tenn.) says: "A question arose to-night, in conversation between several gentlemen, as to the origin of the phrase, 'There is something rotten in Denmark.' We have agreed to leave the decision of the question to you." For the general purposes of culture, as well as the settlement of this question, we suggest to the gentlemen to procure the works of an old English poet called Shakespeare, and read the play of Hamlet.

M. M., who is seventeen, says a very good, proper young man has offered himself to her. She told him that she did not love him well enough to marry him. He replied that she would learn to love him. Now she wishes to know whether we think she will. Yes, we do think she will; but she had better do it before she marries him.

B. E. says a young man calls on her, and invites her to places of amusement. She is very anxious to know whether he cares for her. It is evident that he cares *something*, but *how much* he could tell better than we can; and perhaps even he could not tell, for young men are not always quite certain on such subjects.

SUBSCRIBER (Colesburg, Ky.) says: "We have the question up, 'Which is the head of the table?' Does the gentleman or lady preside? Answer in your column to correspondents." Imagine a Kentucky gentleman putting his wife at the foot of the table! Where your wife sits is the head of the table, sir!

M. S. (San Francisco, Cal.) asks: "When you enter a parlor where there is company, ought you to shake hands, or simply to say good-evening?" It depends entirely upon how well acquainted you are.

M. K. (Tottenville) is at a scientific school, and is very much in love with a young lady. He wishes to know whether he had better become engaged to her or not. Ask her about that.

M. W. H. (Detroit) complains of having been deprived of property illegally. Consult the best lawyer in your city.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*